

The Muses' Library

ROBERT HERRICK

THE HESPERIDES AND NOBLE NUMBERS

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WITH A PREFACE BY

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## HESPERIDES.

569 A HYMN TO THE GRACES

WHEN I love (as some have told  
Love I shall when I am old),  
O ye Graces ! make me fit  
For the welcoming of it  
Clean my rooms, as temples be  
T' entertain that deity  
Give me words wherewith to woo,  
Suppling and successful too,  
Winning postures, and, withal  
Manners each way musical  
Sweetness to allay my sour  
And unsmooth behaviour  
For I know you have the skill  
Vines to prune, though not to kill,  
And of any wood ye see,  
You can make a Mercury

*Suppling*, softening

*Mercury*, god of eloquence and inventor of the lyre.

VOI II

I

## 570 TO SILVIA

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray  
 For those good days that ne'er will come away  
 I want belief, O gentle Silvia, be  
 The patient saint, and send up vows for me

## 573 THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,  
 Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing, too,  
 My wearied oar I'll hang upon the tree,  
 And give it to the sylvan deity

## 574 TRUE FRIENDSHIP

WILT thou my true friend be?  
 Then love not mine, but me

575 THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING  
HIM TO ELYSIUM

*Desunt nonnulla —*

COME then, and like two doves with silv'ry wings,  
 Let our souls fly to th' shades where ever springs  
 Sit smiling in the meads, where balm and oil,  
 Roses and cass crown the untill'd soil  
 Where no disease reigns, or infection comes  
 To blast the air, but ambergris and gums  
 This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire,

More sweet than stores from the hallowed fire,  
 Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears  
 Of frag'nt apples, blushing plums, or pears,  
 And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew  
 Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew  
 Here in green meadows sits eternal May,  
 Purfling the margents, while perpetual day  
 So double gilds the air, as that no night  
 Can ever rust th' enamel of the light  
 Here, naked younglings, handsome striplings, run  
 Their goals for virgins' kisses, which when done,  
 Then unto dancing forth the learned round  
 Commixed t'ey meet, with endless roses crown'd  
 And here we'll sit on bumrose-banks, and see  
 Love's chorus led by Cupid, and we'll be  
 Two loving followers, too, unto the grove  
 Where poets sing the stories of our love  
 There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing  
 Of Hero and Leander, then I'll bring  
 Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads  
 His Odysseys and his high Iliads,  
 About whose throne the crowd of poets throng  
 To hear the incantation of his tongue  
 To Linus, then to Pindar, and that done,  
 I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,  
 Quaffing his full crown'd bowls of burning wine,  
 And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,

*Purfling*, tinning, embroidering  
*Round*, rustic dance



Like to his subject, and as his frantic  
 Looks show him truly Bacchanalian like  
     esmeur'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither,  
 Where both may rage, both drink and dance together  
 Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by  
 Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply  
 With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps  
 His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps,  
 Then soft Catullus, sharp fang'd Martial,  
 And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,  
 And snaky Persius, these, and those, whom rage  
 (Dropt for the jars of heaven) fill'd t' gage  
 All times unto their frenzies,—thou shalt there  
     ehold them in a spacious theatre  
 Among which glories, crowned with sacred bays  
 And flatt'ring ivy, two recite their plays—  
     eaumont and Fletcher, swans to whom all ears  
 Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,  
 Sing their Evadne, and still more for thee  
 There yet remains to know than thou can'st see  
     y glim'ring of a fancy Do but come,  
 And there I'll show thee that capacious room  
 In which thy father Jonson now is plac'd,  
 As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac'd  
 To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include  
 Those prophets of the former magnitude,

*Comply, encircle*

*Their Evadne, the sister of Mel tuis in their play*  
 "The Maid's Tragedy"

And he one chief, but hark, I hear the cock  
 (The bellman of the night) proclaim the clock  
 Of late struck one, and now I see the prime  
 Of day break from the pregnant east 'tis time  
 I vanish, more I had to say,  
 But night determines here, away

576 LIFE IS THE BODY'S LIGHT.

LIFE is the body's light, which once declining,  
 Those crimson clouds i' th' cheek and lips leave  
     shining  
 Those counter-changed tabbies in the air  
 (The sun once set) all of one colour are  
 So, when Death comes, fresh tinctures lose their  
     place,  
 And dismal darkness then doth smutch the face

579 LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED

LET fair or foul my mistress be,  
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me,  
 Or let her walk, or stand or sit,  
 The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it;  
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
 Graceful is every thing from her,  
 Or let her grant, or else deny,  
*My love will fit each history*

*Tabbies, shot silks*

## 580 THE PRIMROSE

Ask me why I send you here  
 This sweet Infanta of the year ?  
 Ask me why I send to you  
 This prim se, thus bepearl'd with dew ?  
 I will whisper to your ears  
 The sweets of love are mix'd with tears

Ask me why this flower does show  
 So yellow-green, and sickly too ?

Ask me why the stalk is weak  
 And bending (yet it doth not break) '

I will answer These discover  
 What fainting hopes are in a lover

## 581 THE TITHE TO THE BRIDF

Ir nine times you y our bridegroom kiss,  
 The tenth you know the parson's is  
 Pay then your tithe, and doing thus  
 Prove in your bride bed numerous  
 If children you have ten, Sir John  
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one

## 582 A FROLIC

BRING me my rosebuds, drawer, come,  
 So, while I thus sit crown'd,  
 I'll drink the aged Cæcubum,  
 Until the roof turn round.

*Sir John*, the parson

*Drawer*, waiter

*Cæcubum*, Cæcub old Roman re.

583 CHANGE COMMON TO ALL

ALL things subjected are to fate,  
Whom this morn sees most fortunate,  
The evening sees in poor estate

584 TO JULIA

THE saints'-bell calls, and, Julia, I must read  
The proper lessons for the saints now dead  
To grace which service, Julia, there shall be  
One holy collect said or sung for thee  
Dead when thou art, dear Julia, thou shalt have  
A trentall sung by virgins o'er thy grave  
Meantime we two will sing the dirge of these,  
Who dead, deserve our best remembrances

585 NO LUCK IN LOVE

I do love I know not what,  
Sometimes this and sometimes that,  
All conditions I aim at  
  
But, as luckless, I have yet  
Many shrewd disasters met  
To gain her whom I would get  
  
Therefore now I'll love no more  
As I've doted heretofore  
He who must be, shall be poor

*Trentall*, a service for the dead

## 586 IN THE DARK NONE DAINTY

NIGHT hides our thefts, all faults then pardon'd be,  
 All are alike fair when no spots we see  
 Lais and Lucrece in the night-time are  
 Pleasing alike, like both singular  
 Joan and my lady have at that time one,  
 One and the self-same priz'd complexion  
 Then please alike the pewter and the plate  
 The chosen ruby, and the reprobate

## 587 A CHARM, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE

If so be a toad be laid  
 In a sheep's skin newly flay'd,  
 And that tied to man, 'twill sever  
 Him and his affections ever

## 590 TO HIS BROTHER IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN WINGFIELD.

For being comely, consonant, and free  
 To most of men, but most of all to me,  
 For so decreeing that thy clothes' expense  
 Keeps still within a just circumference,  
 Then for contriving so to load thy board  
 As that the messes ne'er o'erlade the lord,

*Lais and Lucrece*, opposite types of incontinence and  
 purity Cp 665 885

*Consonant*, harmonious

Next for ordaining that thy words not swell  
 To any one unsober syllable  
 These I could praise thee for beyond another,  
 Wert thou a Winstfield only, not a brother

591 THE HEADACHE

My head doth ache,  
 O Sappho! take  
 Thy fillet,  
 And bind the pain,  
 Or bring some bane  
 To kill it

But less that part  
 Than my poor heart  
 Now is sick,  
 One kiss from thee  
 Will counsel be  
 And physic.

592 ON HIMSELF.

LIVE by thy muse thou shalt, when others die  
 Leaving no fame to long posterity  
 When monarchies trans shifted are, and gone,  
 Here shall endure thy vast dominion.

593 UPON A MAID

HENCE a blessed soul is fled,  
 Leaving here the body dead,  
 Which since here they can't combine,  
 For the saint we'll keep the shrine

## 596 UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES

O TIMES most bad,  
 Without the scope  
 Of nope  
 Of better to be had !

Where shall I go,  
 Or whither run  
 To shun  
 This public overthrow ?

No places are,  
 This I am sure,  
 Secure  
 In this our wasting war

Some storms we've past,  
 Yet we must all  
 Down fall,  
 And perish at the last

## 597 CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDER'S

NOTHING can be more loathsome than to see  
 Power conjoin'd with Nature's cruelty

## 599 UPON LUCIA

I ASK'D my Lucia but a kiss,  
 And she with scorn denied me this ,  
 Say then, how ill should I have sped,  
 ad I then ask'd her maidenhead ?

600 LITTLE AND LOUD

LITTLE you are, for woman's sake be proud;  
For my sake next, though little, be not loud

601 SHIPWRECK

HE who has suffered shipwreck fears to sail  
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale

602 PAINS WITHOUT PROFIT

A LONG l e's-day I've tal en paine  
For very little, or no gains,  
The evening's come here now I'll stop,  
And work no more, but shut up shop

603 TO HIS BOOK

BE bold, my book, nor be abash'd or fear  
The cutting thumb nail or the brow severe,  
But by the Muses swear all here is good,  
If but well read, or, ill read, understood

604 HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

WHEN I a verse shall make,  
Know I have pray'd thee,  
For old religion's sake,  
Saint en, to aid me



Make the way smooth for me,  
 When I, thy Herrick,  
 Honouring thee, on my knee  
 Offer my lyric

Canes I'll give to thee,  
 And a new altar,  
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be  
 Writ in my Psalter.

## 605 POVERTY AND RICHES

GIVE Want her welcome if she comes, we find  
 Riches to be but burdens to the mind

## 606 AGAIN

Who with a little cannot be content,  
 Endures an everlasting punishment

## 607 THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

LET'S live with that small pittance that we have;  
*Who covets more, is evermore a slave*

## 608 LAWS

WHEN laws full power have to sway, we see  
 Little or no part there of tyranny

609. OF LOVE.

I'LL get me hence,  
Because no fence  
Or fort that I can make here  
But love by charms,  
Or else by arms  
Will storm, or starving take here.

611. TO HIS MUSE

Go woo young Charles no more to look  
Than but to read this in my book  
How Herrick begs, if that he can  
Not like the muse, to love the man,  
Who by the shepherds sung, long since,  
The star led both of Charles the Prince

612. THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD

DULL to myself, and almost dead to these  
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses,  
Lost to all music now, since everything  
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing  
Sick is the land to the heart, and doth endure  
More dangerous faintings by her esp'rate cure  
But if that golden age would come again,  
And Charles here rule, he before did reign,

*Long since, i.e., in the "Pastoral upon the Birth of Prince Charles" (213), where see Note.*

If smooth and unperplexed the seasons were,  
 As when the sweet Maria lived here  
 I should delight to have my curls half drown'd  
 In Tyrian dews, and head with roses crown'd ,  
 And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,  
*Knock at a star with my exalted head*

## 613 TO VULCAN

THY sooty godhead I desire  
 Still to be ready with thy fire ,  
 That should my book despised be,  
 Acceptance it might find of thee

## 614 LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE

*This is the height of justice that to do  
 Thyself which thou put'st other men unto  
 As great men lead, the meaner follow on,  
 Or to the good, or evil action*

## 615 PURPOSES

No wrath of men or rage of seas  
 Can shake a just man's purposes  
 No threats of tyrants or the grim  
 Visage of them can alter him ,  
 But what he doth at first intend,  
 That he holds firmly to the end

*Knock at a star* (sublimi feram sidera vertice) Horace  
 Ode, 1 1

616 TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD

COME, sit we under yonder tree,  
 Where merry as the maids we'll be,  
 And as on primroses we sit,  
 We'll venture, if we can, at wit.,  
 If not, at draw-gloves we will play,  
 So spend some minutes of the day  
 Or else spin out the thread of sands,  
 Playing at Questions and Commands  
 Or tell what strange tricks love can do,  
 By quickly making one of two  
 Thus we will sit and talk, but tell  
 No cruel truths of Philomel,  
 Or Phyllis, whom hard fate forc'd on  
 To kill herself for Demophon  
 But fables we'll relate how Jove  
 Put on all shapes to get a love,  
 As now a tyr, then a swan,  
 A bull but then, and now a man  
 Next we will act how young men woo,  
 And sigh, and kiss as lovers do,  
 And talk of brides, and who shall make  
 That wedding-smock, this bridal cake,  
 That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,  
 That smooth, and silken columbine  
 This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy

*Draw gloves, talking on the fingers*

*Philomela*, daughter of P dion, changed into a  
 nightingale

*Phyllis*, the S Phyllis of a former lyric (To Groves)

And gild the bays and rosemary ,  
 What posies for our wedding rings ,  
 What gloves we'll give and ribanings  
 And smiling at ourselves, decree,  
 Who then the joining priest shall be  
 What short, sweet prayers shall be said ,  
 And how the posset shall be made  
 With cream of lilies, not of kine,  
 And maiden's blush, for spiced wine  
 Thus having talked, we'll next commend  
 A kiss to each, and so we'll end

## 617 HIS OWN EPITAPH

As wearied pilgrims, once possess  
 Of long'd for lodging, go to rest,  
 So I, now having rid my way,  
 Fix here my button'd staff and stay  
 Youth, I confess, hath me misled ,  
 But age hath brought me right to bed

618 A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESS ELIZABETH LEE,  
 NOW LADY GRACY

SPRING with the lark, most comely bride, and meet  
 Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet  
 The morn's far spent, and the immortal sun  
 Corals his cheek to see those rites not done

*Gild the bays*, see Note to 479  
*Button'd*, knobbed  
*Corals*, reddens

Fie, lovely maid ! indeed you are too slow,  
 When to the temple Love should run, not go  
 Dispatch your dressing then, and quick'ly wed,  
 Then feast, and coy't a little, then to bed  
 This day is Love's day, and this busy ight  
 Is yours, in which you challenged are to fight  
 With such an arm'd, but such an easy foe,  
 As will, if you yield, lie down conquer'd too  
 The field is pitch'd, but such must be your wars,  
 As that your kisses must outvie the stars  
 Fall down together vanquished both, and lie  
 Drown'd in the blood of rubies there, not die

619 THE NIGHT PIECE, TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow worm lend thee,  
 The shooting stars attend thee,  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee

No Will o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,  
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee,  
 But on, on thy way  
 Not making a stay,  
 Since ghost th re's none to affright thee

Let not the dark thee cumber  
 What though the moon does slumber ?  
 The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light  
 Like tapers clear without number

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me,  
     And when I shall meet  
     Thy silv'ry feet  
 My soul I'll pour into thee

## 620 TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

GIVE me wine, and give me meat,  
 To create in me a heat,  
 That my pulses high may beat

Cold and hunger never yet  
 Could a noble verse beget,  
 But your bowls with sack replete

Give me these, my knight, and try  
 In a minute's space how I  
 Can run mad and prophes

Then, if any piece prove new  
 And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,  
 It was full inspired by you

## 621 GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING

IF well the dice run, let's applaud the cast  
*The happy fortune will not always last.*

## 622 A KISS.

WHAT is a kiss? Why this, as some approve  
 The sure, sweet cement, glue, and lime of love

623 GLORY

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read  
*Seldom comes glory ti'l a man be dead*

624 POETS

WANTONS we are, and though our words be such,  
 Our lives do differ from our lines by much

625 NO DESPITE TO THE DEAD

REPROACH we may the living, not the dead  
*'Tis cowardice to bite the buried*

626 TO HIS VERSES

WHAT will ye, my poor orphans, do  
 When I must leave the world and you  
 Who'll give ye then a sheltering shed  
 Or credit ye when I am dead  
 Who'll let ye by their fire sit  
 Although ye have a stock of wit  
 Already coin'd to pay for it  
 I cannot tell, unless there be  
 Some race of old humanity  
 Left, of the large heart and long hand  
 Alive, as noble Westmorland,  
 Or gallant Newark, which brave two  
 May foster'ring fathers be to you  
 If not, expect to be no less  
 Ill us'd, than babes left fatherless

*Westmorland, Newark, see Notes*



*HESPERIDES*

627 HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH

DEAREST of thousands, now the time draws nea  
That with my lines my life must full stop here  
Cut off thy hairs, and let thy te s be shed  
Over my turf when I am buried  
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,  
Or other rites that do belong to me ,  
As love shall help thee, when thou dost go hence  
Unto thy everlasting residence

628. UPON LOVE

In a dream, Love bade me go  
To the galleys there to row ,  
In the vision I ask'd why?  
Love as briefly did reply,  
'Twas better there to toil, than prove  
The turmoils they endure that love  
I awoke, and then I kne<sup>o</sup>v  
What Love said was too too true ,  
enceforth therefore I will be,  
As fro love, from trouble free  
*None pities him that's in the snare,*  
*And, warn'd before, would not beware*

629 THE COBBLERS' ATCH

COME sit we by the fire's side,  
And roundly drink we here ,  
Till that we see our cheeks ale dy'd  
And noses tann'd with beer

*Effusions*, the " due drink offerings " of the lync " To  
his lovely mistresses " (634)

633 CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL WISHES  
AT WEDDINGS

*Chorus Sacerdotum* FROM the temple to your home  
ay a thousand blessings come!  
And a sweet concurring stre  
Of all joys to join with them

*Chorus Juvenum* Happy Day  
Make no long stay  
Here  
In thy sphere,  
let give thy place to Night,  
That she,  
As thee,  
May be  
Partaker of this sight  
And since it was thy care  
To see the younglings wed,  
'Tis fit that Night the pair  
Should see safe brought to bed

*Chorus Senum* Go to your banquet then, but u  
delight,  
so as to rise still with an appetite  
Love is a thing most nice, and must be fed  
To such a height, but never surfeited  
What is beyond the mean is ever ill  
'Tis best to feed Love, but not overfill,  
so then discreetly to the bed of pleasure,  
And this remember, virtue keeps the measure  
Nice, dainty

*Clothes Virginum* Lucly signs we have descri'd  
 To encourage on the bride,  
 And to these we have espi'd,  
 Not a kissing Cupid flies  
 Here about, but has his eyes  
 To imply your love is wise

*Chorus Pastorum* Here we present a fleece  
 To make a piece  
 Of cloth,  
 Nor, fair, must you be loth  
 Your finger to apply  
 To housewifery  
 Then, then begin  
 To spin

And, sweetling, mark you, what a web will come  
 Into your chests, drawn by your painful thumb

*Chorus Matronarum* Set you to your wheel, and  
 wax  
 Rich by the ductile wool and flax  
 Yarn is an income, and the housewives' thread  
 The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread

*Chorus Senum* Let wealth come in by comely thrift  
 And not by any sordid shift,  
 'Tis haste  
 Makes waste  
 Extremes have still their fault.

*Painful, painstaking, for the passage cp Catull Nupt  
 Pel et Thet 311 314*

*The softest fire makes the sweetest malt  
Who grips too hard the dry and slippery sand  
Holds none at all, or little in his hand*

*Chorus Virginum* Goddess of pleasure, youth and  
peace,  
Give them the blessing of increase  
And thou, Lucina, that dost hear  
The vows of those that children be  
Whenas her April hour draws near,  
Be thou then propitious there

*Chorus Juvencum* Far hence be all speech that may  
anger move  
*Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love*

*Chorus Omnium* Live in the love of doves, and  
having told  
The raven's years, go hence more ripe than old

634 TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES

ONE night i' th' year, my dearest beauties, come  
And bring those due drink-offerings to my tomb.  
When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise,  
And there to lick th' effused sacrifice  
Though paleness be the livery that I wear,  
Look ye not wan or colourless for fear  
Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once show  
The least grim look, or cast a frown on you  
Nor shall the tapers when I'm there burn blue

This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,  
 Cast on my girls a glance and loving eye,  
 Or fold mine arms and sigh, because I've lost  
 The world so soon, and in it you the most  
 Than these, no fears more on your fancies fall,  
 Though then I smile and speak no words at all

## 635 UPON LOVE.

A CRYSTAL vial Cupid brought,  
 Which had a juice in it,  
 Of which who drank, he said no thought  
 Of love he should admit

I, greedy of the prize, did drink,  
 And emptied soon the glass,  
 Which burnt me so, that I do think  
 The fire of hell it was

Give me my earthen cups again,  
 The crystal I condemn,  
 Which, though enchas'd with pearls, contain  
 A deadly draught in them

And thou, O Cupid! come not to  
 My threshold, since I see,  
 For all I have, or else can do,  
 Thou still wilt cozen me

*Fold mine arms*, cp "cr ing his in this d  
 knot" (*Tempest*)

638 THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRY QUEEN.

PLEASE your Grace, from out your store,  
 Give an alms to one that's poor,  
 That your mickle may have m  
 Black I'm grown for want of meat  
 Give me then an ant to eat,  
 Or the cleft ear of a mouse  
 Over sour'd in drink of souce,  
 Or, sweet lady, reach to me  
 The abdomen of a bee,  
 Or commend a cr cket's hip,  
 Or his nuckson, to my scrip  
 Give for bread a little bit  
 Of a pea that 'gins to chit,  
 And my full thanks take for it  
 Flour of fuzz-balls, that's too good  
 For a ma in needihood,  
 But the meal of mildust can  
 Well content a craving man.  
 Any orts the elves refuse  
 Well will serve the beggar's use  
 ut if this may seem too much  
 F an alms, then give me such

*Mickle*, much  
*Souce*, salt-pickle  
*Huckson*, huckle-bone.  
*Chit*, sprout  
*Orts*, scraps of food

Little bits that nestle there  
 In the prisoner's panier  
 So a blessing light upon  
 You and mighty Oberon  
 That you~~r~~ plenty last till winter  
 I return your alms again

## 639 AN END DECREED

LET's be jocund while we may,  
 All things have an ending day,  
 And when once the work is done,  
*Fates revolve no flax they've spun*

## 640 UPON A CHILD

HERE a pretty baby lies  
 Sung asleep with lullabies,  
 Pray be silent, and not stir  
 Th' easy earth that covers her

## 641 PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED

If Nature do deny  
 Colours, let Art supply

*Prisoner's panier*, the basket which poor prisoners used to hang out of the gaol windows for alms in money or kind

*Revolve*, *revolve*, bring back.

642 FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING

WLED are the frosts, and now the fields appear  
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper  
 Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty spring  
 Gives to each mead a neat enamelling  
 The palms put forth their gems, and every tree  
 Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry  
 The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings,  
 With warbling notes, her Terean sufferings  
 What gentle winds perspire ! As if here  
 Never had been the northern plunderer  
 To strip the trees and fields, to their distress,  
 Leaving them to a pried nakedness  
 And look how when a frantic storm doth tear  
 A stubborn oak, or holm, long growing there,  
 But hush'd to calmness, then succeeds a breeze  
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees  
 So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil  
 Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine and oil,  
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast  
 His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last,  
 The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,  
 Bring in her bill, once more, the branch of peace

643 THE HAG

THE hag is astride  
 This night for to ride,  
 The devil and she together ,

*Gems, buds*

*Daulian minstrel, the nightingale Philomela*  
*Terean sufferings, i e , at the hands of Tereus*



Through thick and through thin,  
 Now out and then in  
 Though ne'er so foul be the weather

A thorn or a buri  
 She takes for a spur,  
 With a lash of a bramble she rides now,  
 Through brakes and through briars,  
 O'er ditches and mires,  
 She follows the spirit that guides now

No beast for his food  
 Dare now range the wood,  
 ut hush'd in his lair he lies lurking,  
 While mischiefs, by these,  
 On land and on seas,  
 At noon of night are a-working

The storm will arise  
 And trouble the skies,  
 This night, and more for the wonder,  
 The ghost from the tomb  
 Affrighted shall come,  
 Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

644 UPON AN OLD MAN A RESIDENTIARY.

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can  
 Upon the grave of this old man  
 Twice forty, bating but one y  
 And thrice three weeks, he lived here.

*Residentiary*, old inhabit t

Who gentle fate translated hence  
To a more happy residence  
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,  
Which from his ghost a promise is,  
If here ye will some few tears shed,  
He'll never haunt ye now he's dead

645 UPON TEARS

TEARS, though they're here below the sinner's brine,  
Above they're the angels' spiced wine

646 PHYSICIANS

PHYSICIANS fight not against men, but these  
Combat for men by conquering the disease

647 THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS

Our household god, our parents be,  
And manners good require that we  
The first fruits give to them, who gave  
Us hands get what here we have

649 UPON LUCY EPIG

ROUND teeth has Lucy, pure as pearl, and small,  
With mellow lips, and luscious therewithal

## 651 TO SILVIA

I AM holy while I stand  
 Circum-crost by thy pure hand,  
 But when that is gone, again  
 I, as others, am profane

## 652 TO HIS CLOSET-GODS

WHEN I go hence, ye Closet-Gods, I tear  
 Never again to have ingression here  
 Where I have had whatever thing could be  
 Pleasant and precious to my muse and me  
 Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none  
 Could read the intext but myself alone  
 About the cover of this book there went  
 A curious comely clean compartement,  
 And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set  
 A blushing, pretty, peeping rubelet  
 But now 'tis closed, and being shut and seal'd,  
 Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd!  
 Keep here still, Closet-Gods, 'fore who I've set  
 Oblations oft of sweetest marmeleet

## 653 A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowl  
 Up to the brim,<sup>o</sup>  
 That I may drink  
 Unto my Jonson's soul

*Circum-crost*, marked round with a cro  
*Ingression*, entrance  
*Intext*, contents

*HESPERIDES*

Crown it again, again ,  
And thrice repeat  
That happy heat,  
To drink to thee, my Ben

Well I can quaff I see,  
To th' number five  
Or nine, but thrive  
In frunzy ne'er like thee

654 LONG LOOKED-FOR COMES AT LAST

THOUGH long it be, years may repay the debt ,  
*None loseth that wh ch he a time may get*

655 TO YOUTH

DRINK wine, and live here blitheful, while ye may  
*The morrow's life too late is, live to-day*

656 NEVER TOO LAIE TO DIE

No man comes late unto that place from when...  
Never man yet had a regredience

657 A <sup>©</sup>HYMN TO THE MUSES.

YOU the virgins nine '  
That do our souls incline

*To the number five or nine, s No  
Regredience, return*

To noble discipline I  
 Nod to this vow of mine  
 Come, then, and now inspire  
 My viol and my lyre  
 With your eternal fire,  
 And make me one entire  
 Composer in your choir  
 Then I'll your altars strew  
 With roses sweet and new,  
 And ever live a true  
 Acknowledger of you

## 658 ON HIMSELF

I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write  
 Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight  
 I'll sing no more of frosts, snows, dews and showers,  
 No more of groves, meads, springs and wreaths of  
                   flowers  
 I'll write no more, nor will I tell or sing  
 Of Cupid and his witty cozening  
 I'll sing no more of death, or shall the grave  
 No more my dirges and my trentalls have

## 660 TO MOMUS

Who read'st this book that I have writ,  
 And can'st not mend but carp at it,  
 By all the Muses! thou shalt be  
 Anathema to it and me

*Trentalls*, service for the dead

661 AMBITION

IN ways to greatness, think on this,  
*That slippery all ambition is*

662 THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED M  
 END PORTER, GROOM OF THE BEDCHAMBER  
 TO HIS MAJESTY

SWEET country life, to such unknown  
 Whose lives are others', not their own!  
 But serving courts and cities, be  
 Less happy, less enjoying thee  
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam  
 To seek and bring rough pepper home,  
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
 To bring from thence the scorched clove,  
 Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,  
 Bring'st home the ingot from the West  
 No, thy ambition's masterpiece  
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece,  
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear  
 All scores, and so to end the year  
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds  
 Not envying others larger grounds  
 For well thou know'st *'tis not th' extent*  
*Of land makes life, but sweet content*  
 When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)  
 Calls forth the hly-wristed morn,  
 Then to thy corn fields thou dost go,  
 Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost know  
 That the best compost for the lands

*Soil'd, manured*

*Compost, preparation*

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## HESPERIDES

Is the wise master's feet and hands  
There at the plough thou find'st thy team  
With a mind whistling there to them ,  
And cheer'st them up by singing how  
The kingdom's portion is the plough  
This done, then to th' enamelled meads  
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,  
Thou see'st a present God-like power  
Imprinted in each herb and flower ,  
And smell'st the breath of great ey'd kine,  
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine  
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat  
Unto the dew laps up in meat ,  
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,  
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near  
To make a pleasing pastime there  
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,  
And find'st their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grass as backs with wool,  
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,  
A shepherd piping on a hill  
For sports, for pageantry and plays  
Thou hast thy eves and holidays ,  
On which the young men and maids meet  
To exercise their dancing feet ,  
Tripping the comely country round,  
With daffodils and daisies crown'd  
Thy wakes, thy quintels here thou hast,  
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands grac'd ;  
Thy morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,

Thy shearing feast which never fail,  
 Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,  
 That's toss'd up after fox i' th' hole,  
 Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-tide kings  
 And queens, thy Christmas revellin',  
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,  
 And no man pays too dear for it  
 To these, thou hast thy times to go  
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow,  
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
 The lark into the trammel net,  
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade  
 To take the precious pheasant made,  
 Thy lime-twigs, snares and pit-falls then  
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men  
 O happy life! if that their good  
 The husbandmen but understood!  
 Who all the day themselves do please,  
 And younglings, with such sports as these,  
 And lying down have nought to affright  
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night

*Cætera desunt* —

663 10 ELECTRA

I DARE not ask a kiss,  
 I dare not beg a smile,

*Fox i' th' hole*, a hopping game in which boys beat each other with gloves

*Cockrood*, a run for snaring woodcocks

*Glade*, an opening in the wood across which nets were hung to catch game (Willoughby, *Ornithologie*, 13)



Lest having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while

No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissed thee

664 TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M ARTHUR BARTLY

WHEN after many lusters thou shalt be  
Wiapt up in sear cloth with thine ancestry,  
When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seen  
So little left, as if they ne'er had been,  
Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,  
Here with the generation of my Just

665 WHAT KIND OF MISTRESS HE-WOULD HAVE

Be the mistress of my choice  
Clean in manners, clear in voice,  
Be she witty more than wise,  
Pure enough, though not precise,  
Be she showing in her dress  
Like a civil wilderness,  
That the curious may detect  
Order in a sweet neglect,  
e she rolling in her eye,  
Tempting all the passers-by,

*Luster*, a period of five years

And each ringlet of her hair  
 An enchantment, or a snare  
 For to catch the lookers on,  
 But herself held fast by none,  
 Let her Lucrece all day be,  
 Thais in the night to me  
 Be she such as neither will  
*Famish me, nor overfill*

66 THE ROSEMARY BRANCH

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,  
 Be 't for my bridal or my burial

66g UPON CRAB EPIG

CRAB faces g wns with sundry furs, 'tis known  
 He kee the fox fur for to face his own

670 A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO  
 HIS FRIEND, M JOHN WICKS

Is this a life, to break thy sleep,  
 To rise as on as day doth peep?  
 To tire thy patient ox or ass  
 By noon, and let thy good days pass,  
 Not knowing this, that Jove decrees  
 Some mirt t' adulce man's miseries?

*Adulce, sweeten*

No, 'tis a life to have thine oil  
Without extortion from thy soil,  
Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,  
Although with some, yet little, pain,  
To have thy mind, and nuptial bed,  
With fears and cares uncumbered,  
A pleasing wife, that by thy side  
Lies softly panting like a bride  
This is to live, and to endear  
Those minutes Time has lent us here  
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free  
As is that air that circles thee,  
And crown thy temples too, and let  
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,  
To strut thy barns with sheafs of wheat  
Time steals away like to a stream,  
And we glide hence away with them  
*No sound recalls the hours once fled,  
Or roses, being withered,*  
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,  
Like to a dew or melted frost  
Then live we mirthful while we should,  
And turn the iron age to gold  
Let's feast, and frolic, sing, and play,  
And thus less last than live our day  
*Whose life with care is overcast,  
That man's not said to live, but last,*  
*Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,  
But for to live that half seven well,*

*Strut, swell.*

And that we'll do, as men who know,  
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,  
Both to be blended in the n  
From whence there's never a return

671 ONCE SEEN AND NO MORE

THOUSANDS each day pass by, which we,  
Once past and gone, no more shall see

672 LOVE.

THIS axiom I have often heard,  
*Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd*

673. TO DENHAM ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OK look'd I ba<sup>ck</sup> unto the times hence flown  
To praise<sup>•</sup> those Muses and dislike our own—  
Or did I walk those Pæan-gardens through,  
To kick the flowers and scorn their odours too—  
I might, and justly, be reputed here  
One nicely mad or peevishly severe  
ut by Apollo! as I worship wit,  
Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,  
So, I confess, 'tis somewhat to do well  
In our high t, although we c 't excel

*Pæan-gardens*, garde sa d to Apollo  
*Nicely*, fastidiously

Like thee, or dare the buskins to unloose  
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.  
 ut since I'm call'd, rare Denham, to be gone,  
 Take from thy Herrick this conclusion  
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be  
 Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee,  
 The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,  
 Less by their o gems than those beams of thine

## 674 A HYMN TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,  
 To worship ye, the Lares,  
 With crowns of greenest parsley  
 And garlic chives, not scarcely,  
 For favours here to warm me,  
 And not by fire to harm me,  
 For gladding so my hearth he  
 With inoffensive mirth here,  
 That while the wassail bowl here  
 With North down ale doth troul here,  
 No syllable doth fall here  
 To mar the mirth at all here  
 For which, O chimney-keepers<sup>1</sup>  
 (I dare not call ye sweepers)  
 So long as I am able  
 To keep a country table,  
 Great be my fare, or small cheer,  
 I'll eat and drink up all here

*Troul*, p s round.

675 DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO MEN

WOMEN, although they ne'er so goodly make it,  
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it

676 ADVERSITY

*Love is maintain'd by wealth, when all is spent*  
*Adversity then breeds the discontent*

677 TO FORTUNE

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit  
Upon my ruins, smiling yet,  
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be  
Patient in my necessity  
Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun  
Me, as a fear'd infection,  
Yet, scare crow-like, I'll walk as one  
Neglectin thy derision.

678. TO ANTHEA

COME, Anthea, know thou this,  
*Love at no time idle is,*  
Let's be doing, though we play  
But at push-pin half the day,  
Chains of sweet bents let us make  
Captive one, or both, to take,  
In which bondage we will lie,  
Souls transfusing thus, and die

*Push pin*, a childish game in which one player placed  
a pin and the other pushed it

*Bents*, grasses

## 679 CRUELITIES

NERO commanded, but withdrew his eyes  
From the benolding death and cruelties

## 680 PERSEVERANCE

HAST thou begun an act? ne'er then give o'er  
*No man despairs to do what's done before*

## 681 UPON HIS VERSES

WHAT offspring other men have got,  
The how, where, when, I question not  
These are the children I have left,  
Adopted some, none got by theft,  
But all are touch'd, like lawful plate,  
And no verse illegitimate.

## 682 DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES

INGS must not oft be seen by public eyes  
*State at a distance adds to dignities*

## 683 HEALTH

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold,  
ut a just measure both of heat and cold

*Touch'd, tested*

684 TO DIANE ME A CEREMONY IN GLOUCESTER.

I'LL to thee a simnel bring,  
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering\*  
So that when she blesseth thee,  
Half that blessing thou'lt give e

685 TO THE KING

Give way, give way ! now, now my Charles shines  
here

A public light, in this immense sphere,  
Some stars were fix'd before, but these are dim  
Compar'd, in this my ample orb, to him  
Draw in your feeble fires, while that he  
Appears but in his meaner majesty  
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,  
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame !  
*Princes, and such like public lights as these,*  
*Must not be look'd on but at distances*  
*For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too near,*  
*Our eyes they' blind, or if not blind, they'll bear*

*Simnel*, a cake, originally de of fine flour eaten at  
Mid Lent

*A-thering*, visiting relations in Mid-Lent, but  
Note

*I ve, i able*



## 686 THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE

THE rose was sick, and smiling died, °  
 And, being to be sanctified,  
 About the bed there s ghing stood  
 The sweet and flowery sisterhood  
 Some hung the head, while some did bring,  
 To wash her, water from the spring  
 Some laid her forth, while others wept,  
 But all a solemn fast there kept  
 The holy sisters, some among,  
 The sacred dirge and trentall sung  
 But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,  
 As heaven had spent all perfumes there  
 At last, when prayers for the dead  
 And rites were all accomplished,  
 They, weeping, spread a lawny loo  
 And clos'd her up, as in a tomb

## 687 THE RAINBOW OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain,  
 And as they thus did entertain  
 The gentle beams from Juba's sight  
 To mine eyes levell'd opposite,  
 O thing admir'd! there did appear  
 A curious rainbow smiling there,  
 Which was the covenant that she  
 No more would drown mine eyes or me

*Trentall*, a service for the d d

## 688 THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SU

THOUGH by well warding many blows we've pass'd,  
*That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last*

## 689 FORTUNE

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own,  
 Too much she gives to some, enough to none

## 690 STOOL-BALL

At stool ball, Lucia, let us play  
 For sugar cakes and wine  
 Or for a tansy let us pay,  
 The loss, or thine, or mine  
 If thou, my dear, a winner be  
 At trundling of the ball,  
 The wager thou shalt have, and me,  
 And my misfortunes all  
 But if, my sweetest, I shall get,  
 Then I desire but this  
 That likewise I may pay the bet  
 And have for all a kiss

*Stool-ball*, a game of ball played by girls.  
*Tansy*, a cake made of eggs, cream, and herbs

## 691 TO SAPPHO

LET us now take time and play,  
 Love, and live here while we may,  
 Drink rich wine, and make good cheer,  
 While we have our being here,  
 For once dead and laid i' th' grave,  
 No return fro thence we have

## 692 ON POET PRAT EPIG

PRAT he writes satires, but herein's the fault,  
 In no one satire there's a mite of salt

## 693 UPON TUCK EPIG

At post and pair, or slam, Tom Tuck would play  
 This Christmas, but his want wherewith says nay

## 694 BITING OF BEGGARS

Who, railing, drives the lazar from his door,  
 Instead of alms, sets dogs upon the poor

## 695 THE MAY POLE

THE May pole is up! "<sup>o</sup>  
 No<sup>w</sup> give me the cup,  
 I'll drink to the garlands around it,

*Post and pair, or slam*, old games<sup>n</sup> of cards Ben  
 Jonson calls the former a "thrifty and right worshipful  
 g e"

ut first unto those  
Whose hands did compose  
The glory of flowers that crown d it

A health to my girls,  
Whose husbands may ea<sup>1</sup>ls  
r lords be, granting my wishes,  
And when that ye wed  
To the bridal bed,  
Then multiply all like to fishes

696 MEN M'ND NO STATE IN SICKNESS

THAT flow of gallants which approach  
To kiss thy hand from out the coach,  
That fleet of lackeys which do run  
Before thy swift postillion,  
Those strong hoof'd mules which we behold  
Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,  
And shod with silver, prove to be  
'The drawers of the axletree  
Thy wife, thy children, and the state  
Of Persian looms and antique plate,  
All these, and more, shall then afford  
No joy to thee, their sickly lord

697 ADVERSITY

ADVERSITY hur<sup>•</sup> none, but only such  
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

## 698 WANT

NEED is no vice at all, though here it be  
With men a loathed inconveniency

## 699 GRIEF

SORROWS divided amongst many, less  
Discruciate a man in deep distress

## 700 LOVE PALPABLE

I PRESS'D my Julia's lips, and in the kiss  
Her soul and love were palpable in this

## 701 NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard or harsh can prove  
Unto those that truly love

## 702 MEAN THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY

By the weak'st means things mighty are o'erthrown  
*He's lord of thy life who contemns his own*

## 705 THE BRACELET OF PEARL TO SILVIA.

I BRAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will,  
And, wretched, I did see  
Thee discomposed then, d still  
Art discontent with me

*Discruciate, torture*

One gem was lost, d I will get  
 A richer pearl for thee,  
 Than ever, dearest Silvia, yet  
 Was drunk to Antony

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what  
 Thou for the breach shalt do,  
 First crack the strings, and after that  
 Cleave thou my heart in two

706 HOW ROS'ES CAME RED

'Tis said, as Cupid danc'd among  
 The gods he down the nectar flung,  
 Which on the white rose being shed  
 Made it for ever after red

707 KINGS

MEN are n born kings, but are men renown'd  
 Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd

708 FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES

PREPOSTEROUS is that order, when we n  
 To ask our wa es ere our work be done

709 TEARS LAUGHTER

KNEW'st thou one month would take thy life away,  
 Thou'dst weep, but laugh, should it not l t a day

*Preposterous*, lit hind part before

## 710 GLORY

GLORY no other thing is, Tully says,  
Than a man's frequent fame spoil'd out with praise

## 711 POSSESSIONS

THOSE possessions short liv'd are,  
Into the which we come by war

## 713 HIS RETURN TO LONDON

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West  
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,  
Ravish'd in spirit I come, nay, more, I fly  
To thee, bless'd place of my nativity!  
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,  
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd  
O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here  
An everlasting plenty, year by year  
O place! O people! Manners! fram'd to plea  
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!  
I am a free born Roman, suffer, then,  
That I amongst you live a citizen  
London my home is though by hard fate sent  
Into a long and irksome banishment,  
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,  
O native country, repossess'd by thee!  
For, rather than I'll to the West return,  
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn  
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall,  
Give thou my sacred relics burial

714 NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE

'Tis not ev'ry day that I  
 Fitted am to prophesy,  
 No, but when the spirit fills  
 The fantastic pinnacles  
 Full of fire, then I write  
 As the godhead doth indite  
 Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurled  
 Like the Sybil's through the world.  
 Look now next the holy fire  
 Either shakes, or doth retire,  
 So the fancy cools, till when  
 That brave spirit comes again

715 POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK

To mortal men great loads allotted be,  
*But of all packs, no pack like poverty*

716 A BUCOLIC, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS

I COME blitheful neatherds, let us lay  
 A wager who the best shall play,  
 Of thee or I, the roundelay  
 That fits the business of the day

*Chor* And Lalage the judge shall be,  
 To give the prize to thee, or me

*Fantastic pannicles*, brain cells of the imagination  
*Sybil's* the oracles of the Cumæan Sybil were often  
 on leaves, which the wind blew about her cave—Virg  
*Æn iv*



- 2 Content, begin, and I will bet  
 A heifer smooth, and black as jet  
 In every part alike complete,  
 And wanton as a kid as yet
- Chor* And Lalage, with cow-like eyes,  
 Shall be disposeress of the prize
- 1 Against thy heifer, I will here  
 Lay to thy stake a lusty steer  
 With gilded horns, and burnish'd clear
- Chor* Why, then, begin, and let us hear  
 The soft, the sweet, the mellow note  
 That gently purls from either's oat
- 2 The stakes are laid let's now apply  
 Each one to take his melody
- Lal* The equal umpire shall be I,  
 Who'll hear, and so judge righteously
- Chor* Much time is spent in prate, begin,  
 And sooner play, the sooner win  
[1 Neatherd plays]
- 2 That's sweetly touch'd, I must confess,  
 Thou art a man of worthiness,  
 But hark how I can now press  
 My love unto my neatherdess [He sings]
- Chor* A sugar'd note and sound as sweet  
 As kine when they at milking meet.
- 1 Now for to win thy heifer fair,  
 I'll strike thee such a nimble air

That thou shalt say thyself 'tis rare,  
And title me without compare

*Chor* Lay by a while your pipes, and rest,  
Since both have here deserved 'tjest

2 To get thy steerling, once again  
I'll play thee such another strain  
That thou shalt swear my pipe does reign  
Over thine oar as sovereign [*He sings*]

*Chor* And Lalage shall tell by this,  
Whose now the prize and wager is

1 Give me the prize    2 The day is mine  
1 Not so my pipe has silenc'd thine  
And hadst thou wager'd twenty line,  
They were mine own    *Lal* In love combine.

*Chor* And lay e down your pipes together,  
As eary, not o'ercome by either

717 TRUE SAFETY

'Tis not the walls or purple that defends  
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends

718 A PROGNOSTIC

As any laws and lawyers do express  
Nought but a kingdom's ill-affectedness,  
Even so, those streets and houses do but show  
Store of diseases where physicians flow

*And lay ye down your pipes*    The original edition  
reads *And lay we down our pipes*

## 719 UPON JULIA'S SWEAT

Would ye oil of blossoms get ?  
Take it from my Julia's sweat  
Oil of lilies and of spike ?  
From her moisture take the like  
Let her breathe, or let her blow  
All rich spices thence will flow

## 720 PROOF TO NO PURPOSE

You see this gentle stream that glides  
Shov'd on by quick succeeding tides,  
Try if this sober stream you can  
Follow to th' wilder ocean,  
And see if there it keeps unspent  
In that congesting element  
Next, from that world of waters, then  
By pores and caverns back again  
Induct that inadult'rate same  
Stream to the spring from whence it came,  
This with a wonder when ye do,  
As easy, and else easier too,  
Then say ye recollect the grains  
Of my particular remains,  
After a thousand lusters hurl'd  
By ruffling winds about the world

*Spike* lavender

721 FAME

*'Tis still observ'd that fame ne'er sings  
The order, but the sum of things*

722 BY USE COMES EASINESS

OFT bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do  
What others can't with all their strength put to

723 TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE

COMMAND the roof, great Genius, and from thence  
Into this house pour down thy influence,  
That through each room a golden pipe may run  
Of living water by thy benison  
Fulfill the larders, and with strengthening bread  
Be evermore these bins replenished  
Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,  
That lucky faeries here may dance their round,  
And after that, lay down some silver pence  
The master's charge and care to recompense  
Charm then the chambers, make the beds for ease,  
More than for peevish, pining sicknesses  
Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof  
Grow old with time but yet keep weather proof

724 HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

THOUGH clock,  
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,  
A cock  
I have to sing how day draws on  
I have

A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent  
     To save  
 That little Fates me gave or lent  
     A hen  
 I keep, which creeking day by day,  
     Tells when  
 She goes her long white egg to lay,  
     A goose  
 I have, which with a jealous ear  
     Lets loose  
 Her tongue to tell that danger's near  
     A lamb  
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,  
     Whose dam  
 An orphan left him, lately dead  
     A cat  
 I keep that plays about my house,  
     Grown fat  
 With eating many a miching mouse,  
     To these  
 A Tracy\* I do keep whereby  
     I please  
 The more my rural privacy,  
     Which are  
     ut toys to give my heart some ease,  
     Where care  
 None is, slight things do lightly please

*My Prew*, Prudence Baldwin

*Creeking*, clucking

*Miching*, skulking

\* His spaniel (Note in the original edition)

725 GOOD PRECEPTS OR COUNSEL.

IN all thy need be thou possess'd  
 Still with a well-prepared breast,  
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad,  
 Thou canst but have what others had  
 And this for comfort thou must know  
 Times that are ill won't still be so  
 Clouds will not ever pour down rain,  
*A sullen day will clear again*  
 First peals of thunder we must hear,  
 Then lutes and harps shall stroke the ear

726 MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH

WHEN all birds else do of their music fail,  
 Money's the still sweet-singing nightingale

727 UP TAILS ALL

BEGIN with a kiss,  
 Go on too with this,  
 And thus, thus, thus let us smother  
 Our lips for awhile,  
 But let's not beguile  
 Our hope of one for the other  
 This play, be assur'd,  
 Long enough has endur'd,  
 Since more and more is exacted,  
 For Love he doth call  
 or his *uptails all*,  
 And that's the part to be acted

*Uptails all*, the refrain of a song beginning "Fly  
 Merry News ' Note

# HESPERIDES

729 UPON LUCIA DABBLED IN THE DEW.

y Lucia in the dew did go,  
And prettily bedabbled so,  
Her clothes held up, she showed withal  
Her decent legs, clean, long, and small  
I follow'd after to descry  
Part of the nak'd sincerity,  
ut still the envious scene between  
Denied the mask I would have seen

730 CHARON AND PHILOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG

*Ph* CHARON! O gentle *Ch* on! let me woo thee  
y tears and pity now to come unto me

*Ch* What voice so sweet and charming do I hear?  
Say what thou art *Ph* I prithee first draw  
near

*Ch* A sound I hear, but nothing yet I can see,  
Speak, where thou art *Ph* O Charon, pity me!  
I am a bird, and though no name I tell,  
My wailing note will say I' Philomel

*Ch* What's that to me? I waft nor fish or fowls,  
Nor beasts, fond thing, but only human souls

*Ph* Alas for me! *Ch* Shame on thy witching note  
That made me thus hoist sail and bring my boat  
ut I'll return, what mischief brought thee  
hither?

*Decent*, in the Latin sense, comely, *sincerity*, punty

*Scene*, a curtain or "drop-scene", "

*Mask*, a play

*Foolish*, foolish.

*Ph.* A deal of love and much, much grief together

*Ch.* What's thy request? *Ph* That since she's now  
beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death

*Ch* And is that all? I'm gone *Ph* By love I  
pray thee

*Ch* Talk not of love, all pray, but few souls pay me

*Ph* I'll give thee vows and tears *Ch* Can tears  
pay scores

For mending sails, for patching boat and oars?

*Ph* I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long

Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song

*Ch* Why then begin, and all the while we make

Our slothful passage o'er the Stygian Lake,

Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades  
merry,

Who else with tears would doubtless drown my  
ferry

733 A TERNAPY OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN  
OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,

A little prop best fits a little vine

As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,

A little trade best fits a little toil

As my small jar best fits my little oil

*She's now beneath, her mother Zeuxippe?*



A little bin best fits a little bread,  
A little garland fits a little head  
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,  
A little chapel fits a little choir •  
As my small bell best fits my little spire

A little stream best fits a little boat,  
A little lead best fits a little float  
As my small pipe best fits my little note

A little meat best fits a little belly,  
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,  
This little pipkin fits this little jelly

734 UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM

THRICE happy roses, so much grac'd to have  
Within the bosom of my love your grave  
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is known,  
Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone,

735 MAIDS' NAYS ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nays e nothing, they e shy  
But to desire what they deny

736 THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE

THE gods require the thighs  
Of beeves for sacrifice ,

Which roasted, we the steam  
Must sacrifice to them,  
Who though they do not eat  
Yet love the smell of meat

737 LOVERS. HOW THEY COME AND PART

A GYGES' ring they bear about their still,  
To be, and not seen when and where they will  
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes  
fall,  
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all  
So silently they one to th' other come,  
As colours steal into the pear or plum,  
And air-like leave no presson to be seen  
Where'er they met or parting place has been

738 TO WOMEN, TO HIDE THEIR TEETH AT TALK  
BE ROTTEN OR PUSY

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you me  
To be accounted inside clean  
For if you cleave them we shall see  
There in your teeth much leprosy

739 PRAISE OF WOMEN

O JUPITER, should I speak ill  
Of woman-kind, first die I will,  
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest  
Of creatures, woman is the best

*Gyges ring*, which de the w er invisible

## 740 THE APRON OF FLOWERS

To gather flowers Sappha went,  
 And homeward she did bring  
 Within her lawny continent  
 The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blush'd, and blushing smil'd,  
 And sweetly blushing thus,  
 She look'd as she'd been got with child  
 y young Favonius

Her apron gave, as she did pass,  
 An odour more divine,  
 More pleasing, too, than ever was  
 The lap of Proserpine.

## 741 THE CANDOUR OF JULIA'S TEETH

WHITE as Zenobia's teeth, the which the girls  
 Of Rome did wear for their most precious pearls

## 742 UPON HER WEEPING,

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,  
 She seem'd to quench love's fire that there did glow

Content, ything that holds, here the bosom of her  
 dress

Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, conquered by the Romans,  
 A D 273

743 ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING

SHE by the river sat, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear

744 DELAY

BEAK off delay, since we but read of one  
That ever prospered by cunctation

745 TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOR OF EXETER

STAND forth, Brave man, since fate has made thee  
here

The Hector over aged Exeter,  
Who for a long, sad time has weeping stood  
Like a poor lady lost in widowhood,  
But fears not now to see her safety sold,  
As other towns and cities were, for gold  
By those noble births which shame the stem  
That gave progermination unto them  
Whose restless ghosts shall hear their children sing,  
"Our sires betrayed their country and their king".  
True, if this city seven times rounded was  
With rock, and seven times circumflank'd with brass,  
Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyal proof,  
The senators, down tumbling with the roof,

*Cunctation*, delay the word is suggested by the name  
of Fabius Cunctator, the conqueror of the Carthaginians,  
addressed by Virg. (*Æn* vi 846) "Un qui nobis  
cunctando restituit rem"

*Progermination*, budding out

Would into prais'd, but pitied, ruins fall,  
 Leaving no show where stood the capitol,  
 ut thou art just and itchless, and dost please  
 Thy Genius with two strengthening buttresses,  
 Faith and affection, which will never slip  
 To weaken this thy great dictatorship

## 746 TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE

Love love begets, then never be  
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee  
 Tigers and bears, I've heard some say  
 For proffer'd love will love repay  
 None are so harsh, but if they find  
 Softness in others, will be kind,  
 Affection will affection move,  
 Then you must like because I love

## 747 REGRESSION SPOILS RESOLUTION

Has t thou attempted greatness? then go on  
 ack turning slackens resolution

## 748 CONTENTION

DISCREET and prudent we that discord call  
 That either profits, or not hurts at all

*Itchless, i e* , with no itch for bribes.

## 749 CONSULTATION

CONSULT ere thou begin'st, that done, go on  
With all wise speed for execution

## 750 LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,  
Rich or poor although it be,  
'Tis a mistress unto me

e my girl or fair or brown,  
Does she smile or does she frown,  
Still I write a sweetheart down

e she rough or smooth of skin,  
When I touch I then begin  
For to let affection in

e she bald, or does she wear  
locks incurl'd of other hair,  
I shall find enchantment there.

e she whole, or be she rent,  
So my fancy be content,  
he's to me ost excellent

e she fa , or be she le ,  
e she sluttish, be she cle  
I'm a man for ev'ry scene

*Co* It, take counsel The word and the epigram  
suggested by Sallust's "Nam et, prius quam incipias,  
consulto, et ubi consulueris, ture facto opus est," Cat 1

HESPERIDES

751 OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN

OTHER men's sins we ever bear in mind,  
*None sees the fardell of his faults behind*

752 NO PAINS, NO GAINS

If little labour, little are our gains  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains

754 VIRTUE BEST UNITED

By so much, virtue is the less,  
By how much, near to singleness

755 THE EYE

A WANTON and lascivious eye  
etrays the heart's adultery

756 TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING TO  
EXETER

WHAT fate decreed, time now has made us see,  
A renovation of the west by thee  
That preternatural fever, which did threat  
Death to our country, now hath lost his heat,  
And, calms succeeding, we perceive no more  
Th' unequal pulse to beat, as heretofore  
Something there yet remains for thee to do,  
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to

*Fardell, bundle*

Go on with Sylla's fortune, let thy fate  
 Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate  
 Apollo's image side with thee to bless  
 Thy war (discreetly made) with white success  
 Meantime thy prophets watch by watch shall pray,  
 While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the  
     day  
 That done, our smooth paced poems all shall be  
 Sung in the high doxology of thee  
 Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curls from  
     them  
 receive with songs a flowery diadem

## 757 A SONG

URN, or drown me, choose ye wheth  
 So I may but die together,  
 Thus to slay me by degrees  
 Is the height of cruelties  
 What needs twenty stabs, when one  
 Strikes me dead as any stone?  
 O show mercy then, and be  
 Kind at once to murder me

## 758 PRINCES AND FAVOURITES

PRINCES and fav'rites are most dear, while they  
 By giving and receiving hold the play,  
 But the relation then of both grows poor,  
 When these can h, and kings can give no ore

*Sylla's fortune*, in allusion to Sylla's surname of *Felix*  
*Doxology*, glorifying



## 759 EXAMPLES, OR, LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE

EXAMPLES lead us, and we likely see  
Such as the prince is, will his people be

## 760 POTENTATES

LOVE and the Graces evermore do wait  
Upon the man that is a potentate

## 761 THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two  
Go to feast, as others do  
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,  
Are the junkets still at wakes  
Unto which the tribes resort,  
Where the business is the sport  
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
Marian, too, in pageantry,  
And a mimic to devise  
Many grinning properties  
Players there will be, and those  
Base in action as in clothes,  
Yet with strutting they will please  
The incurious villages  
Near the dying of the day  
There will be a cudgel play,

*Marian*, Maid Marian of the Robin Hood ballads  
*Action*, i.e., dramatic action  
*Incurious*, careless, easily pleased

## HESPERIDES

Where a coxcomb will be broke  
Ere a good word can be spoke  
But the anger ends all here,  
Drenched in ale, or drown'd in be  
Happy rustics! best content  
With the cheapest merriment,  
And possess no other fear  
•Than to want the wake next year

### 762 THE PETER PENNY

FRESH strewings allow  
To my<sup>\*</sup> sepulchre now,  
To make my lodging the sv eeter ,  
A staff or a wand  
Put then in my hand,  
With a penny to pay S Peter  
Who has not a cross  
Must sit<sup>•</sup> with the loss,  
And ~~no~~ whit further must venture ,  
Since the porter he  
Will paid have his fee,  
Or else not one there must enter  
Who at a dead lift  
Can't send <sup>•</sup>for a gift  
A pig to the priest for a roaster,  
Shall hear his clerk say,  
By yea and by nay,  
*No penny, no paternoster*

*Coxcomb*, to cause blood to flow from the opponent's  
head was the test of victory

*S Peter*, the gate ward of heaven    *Cross*, a coin.

## 763 TO DOCTOR ALABASTER

NOR art thou less esteem'd that I have plac'd,  
 Amongst mine honour'd, thee almost the last  
 In great processions many lead the way  
 To him who is the triumph of the day,  
 As these have dore to thee who art the one,  
 One only glory of a million  
 In whom the spirit of the gods does dwell,  
 Tiring thy soul, by which thou dost foretell  
 When this or that vast dynasty must fall  
 Down to a fillet more imperial,  
 When this or that horn shall be broke, and when  
 Others shall spring up in their place again,  
 When times and seasons and all years must lie  
 Drowned in the sea of wild eternity,  
 When the black doomsday books, as yet unseal'd,  
 Shall by the mighty angel be reveal'd,  
 And when the trumpet which thou late hast found  
 Shall call to judgment Tell us when the sound  
 Of this or that great April day shall be,  
 And next the Gospel we will credit thee  
 Meantime like earth-worms we will crawl below,  
 And wonder at those things that thou dost know

For an account of Alabaster see Notes the allusions here are to his apocalyptic writings

*Horn*, used as a symbol of prosperity

*The trumpet which thou late hast found, &c.*, Alabaster's "Spiraculum Tubarum seu Fons Spirituum Ex positionum," published 1633

*April day*, day of weeping, or perhaps rather of "opening" or revelation.

764 UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS M S

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet  
As e'er was wrapt in winding sheet  
Her name if next you would have known,  
The marble speaks it, Mary Stone  
Who dying in her blooming years,  
This stone for name's sake melts to tears  
• If, fragrant virgins, you'll but keep  
A fast, while jets and marbles weep,  
And praying, strew some roses on her,  
You'll do my niece abundant honour

765 FELICITY KNOWS NO FENCE

OF both our fortunes good and bad we find  
Prosperity more searching of the mind  
Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,  
While misery keeps in with patience.

766 DEATH ENDS ALL WOE

TIME is the bound of things, where'er we go  
*Fate gives a meeting, Death's the end of woe*

767 A CONJURATION TO ELECIA

By those soft tods of wool  
With which the air is full,

*Tods of wool*, literally, *vol of wool*=twenty-eight pounds, here used of the fleecy clouds

By all those tinctures there,  
 That paint the hemisphere ,  
 By dews and drizzling rain  
 That swell the golden grain ,  
 By all those sweets that be  
 I' th' flowery nunnery ,  
 By silent nights, and the  
 Three forms of Hecate ,  
 By all aspects that bless  
 The sober sorceress,  
 While juice she strains, and pith  
 To make her philters with ,  
 By time that hastens on  
 Things to perfection ,  
 And by yourself, the best  
 Conjurement of the rest  
 O my Electra ! be  
 In love with none, but me

## 768 COURAGE COOLED

I CANNOT love as I have lov'd before ,  
 For I'm grown old and, with mine age, grown poor  
*Love must be fed by wealth* this blood of mine  
 ust needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine

*Tinctures, colours*

*Three forms of Hecate*, the *Diva triformis* of Hor  
 Od iii 22 Luna in heaven, Diana on th, Perse-  
 phone in the world below

*Aspects, i e , of the planets*

## 769 THE SPELL

HOLY water come and bring ,  
Cast in salt, for seasoning  
Set the brush for sprinkling  
Sacred spittle bring ye hither ,  
Meal and it now mix together,  
And a little oil to either  
Give the tapers here their light,  
Ring the saints' bell, to affright  
Far from hence the evil sprite

## 770 HIS WISH TO PRIVACY

GIVE me a cell  
To dwell,  
Where no foot hath  
A path  
There will I spend  
And end  
My wearied years  
In tears

## 771 A GOOD HUSBAND

A MASTER of a house, as I have read,  
Must be the first m    up, and last in bed  
With the sun rising he must walk his g    unds ,  
See this, view that, and all the other bounds  
Shut every gate , mend every hedge that's torn,  
Either with old, or plant therein new thorn ,  
Tread o'er his glebe, but with such care, that wh  
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there

## 772 A HYMN TO BACCHUS

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,  
 Who with thy thyrses dost thrack us  
 And yet thou so dost back us  
 With boldness, that we fear  
 No Brutus ent'ring her ,  
 Nor Cato the severe  
 What though the lictors threat us  
 We know they dare not beat us  
 So long as thou dost heat us  
 When we thy orgies sing,  
 Each cobbler is a king,  
 Nor dreads he any thing  
 And though he do not rave,  
 Yet he'll the courage have  
 To call my Lord Mayor knave ,  
 Besides, too, in a brave,  
 Although he has no riches,  
     ut walks with dangling breeches  
 And skirts that want their stitches  
 And shows his naked flitches,  
 Yet he'll be thought or seen  
 So good as George a Green ,  
 And calls his blouze, his queen ,

*Orgies*, hymns to Bacchus

*Brave*, boast

*George a-Green*, the legendary pinner of Wakefield,  
 renowned for the use of the quarterstaff

*Blouze*, a fat wench

And speaks in language keen  
 O Bacchus ! let us be  
 From cares and troubles free ,  
 And thou shalt hear how we  
 Will chant new hymns to thee

## 773 UPON PUSS AND HER 'PRENTICE FIFIG

Puss and her 'prentice both at drawgloves play ,  
 That done, they kiss, and so draw out the day  
 At night they draw to supper , then well fed,  
 They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed

## 774 FLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES

AMONG disasters that dissension brings,  
 This not the least is, which belongs to kings  
 If wars go well, each for a part lays claim ,  
 If ill, then kings, not soldiers, bear the blame

## 775 CLEMENCY IN KINGS

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,  
 But must be niggards of the meanest blood

## 776 ANGER

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time,  
 But heard with anger, we confess the crime

*Drawgloves*, the game of talking on the fingers



## 777 A PSALM OR HYMN TO THE GRACES

GLORY be to the Graces!  
That do in public places  
Drive thence whate'er encumbers  
The list'ning to my numbers

Honour be to the Graces!  
Who do with sweet embraces,  
Show they are well contented  
With what I have invented

Worship be to the Graces!  
Who do from sour faces,  
And lungs that would infect me,  
For evermore protect me

## 778 A HYMN TO THE MUSES

HONOUR to you who sit  
Near to the well of wit,  
And drink your fill of it

Glory and worship be  
To you, sweet maids, thrice three,  
Who still inspire me,

And teach me how to sing  
Unto the lyric string  
My measures ravishing

Then while I sing your praise,  
My priesthood crown with bays  
Green, to the end of aays

779 UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,  
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows  
The liquefaction of her clothes

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That brave vibration each way free,  
O how that glittering taketh me!

780 MODERATION

In things a moderation keep  
*Kings ought to slay, not skin their sheep*

781 TO ANTHEA

LET's call for Hymen, if agreed thou art,  
*Delays in love but crucify the heart*  
Love's thorny tapers yet neglected lie  
Speak thou the word, they'll kindle by and-bye.  
The nimble hours woo us on to wed,  
And Genius waits to have us both to bed  
Behold, for us the naked Graces stay  
With maunds of roses for to strew the way:  
Besides, the most religious prophet stands  
Ready to join, as well our hearts as hands  
Juro yet smiles, but if she chance to chide,  
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroom and the bride.  
Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread  
The loss of that we call a maidenhead?  
Come, I'll instruct thee Know, the vestal fire  
Is not by marriage quench'd, but flames the higher

*Maunds* baskets

*Fondly*, foolishly

## 782 UPON PREW, HIS MAID

IN this little urn is laid  
 Prudence Baldwin, once my maid  
 From whose happy spark here let  
 Spring the purple violet

## 783 THE INVITATION

To sup with thee thou did'st me home invite,  
 And mad'st a promise that mine appetite  
 Should meet and tire on such luscious meat,  
 The like not Heliogabalus did eat  
 And richer wine would'st give to me, thy guest,  
 Than Roman Sylla pour'd out at his feast  
 I came, 'tis true, and looked for fowl of price,  
 The bastard phoenix, bird of paradise,  
 And for no less than aromatic wine  
 Of maiden's blush, commix'd with jessamine  
 Clean was the hearth, the mantel larded jet,  
 Which wanting Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet,  
 At last, i' th' noon of winter, did appear  
 A ragg'd soot neat's foot with sick vinegar  
 And in a burnished flagonet stood by,  
 e'er small as comfort, dead as charity  
 At which amaz'd, and pondering on the food,  
 How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood,

*Tire*, feed on.

*Lau'itious*, sumptuous

*Maiden's-blush*, the pink-rose

*Larded jet*, i.e., blacked

*Soot*, pickled

I curs'd the master, and I damn'd the souce,  
And swore I'd got the ague of the house  
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,  
I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire

784 CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS

COME, bring with a noise,  
My merry, merry boys,  
The Christmas log to the firing,  
While my good dame, she  
Bids ye all be free,  
And drink to your hearts' desiring

With the last year's brand  
Light the new block, and  
or good success in his spending  
On your psalties play,  
That sweet luck may  
Come while the log is a teending

Drink now the strong beer,  
Cut the white loaf here ;  
The while the meat is a shredding  
For t e rare mince-pie,  
And the plums stand by  
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

*Psalties*, a kind of guitar.  
*Teending*, kindling.

## 785 CHRISTMAS EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONY

COME guard this night the Christmas pie,  
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,  
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh

To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,  
Having his eyes still in his ear,  
And a deal of nightly fear,

To watch it

## 786 ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS

WASH your hands, or else the fire  
Will not teend to your desire,  
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know,  
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

## 787 ANOTHER

WASSAIL the trees, that they may bear  
You many a plum and many a pear  
For more or less fruits they will bring,  
As you do give them wassailing

## 788 POWER AND PEACE

*'Tis never, or but seldom known,  
Power and peace to keep one throne*

*Teend, kindle.*

789 TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MISTRESS  
MARGARET FALCONBRIDGL

Now is your turn, my dearest, to be set  
A gem in this eternal coronet  
'Twas rich before, but since your name is down  
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crown  
I le by this sphere for ever or this do,  
Let e d it shine evermore by you

790 TO OENONE

SWEET Oenone, do but say  
Love thou dost, though love says nay  
Speak me fair, for lovers be  
Gently kill'd by flattery

791 VERSES

Who w<sup>d</sup>l not honour noble numbers, when  
Verses out live the bravest deeds of men ?

792 HAPPINESS

THAT happiness does still the longest thrive,  
Where joys and griefs have turns alternative

793 THINGS OF CHOICE LONG A COMING

We pray 'gainst war, yet we enjoy no peace,  
*Desire deferr'd is that it may increase*  
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## 794 POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I myself might likewise die,  
 And utterly forgotten lie,  
 But that eternal poetry  
 Repullulation gives me here  
 Unto the thirtieth thousand year,  
 When all now dead shall reappear

## 797 KISSES

GIVE me the food that satisfies a guest:  
 Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

## 798 ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS he went, as poets tell,  
 To fetch Eurydice from hell,  
 And had her, but it was upon  
 This short but strict condition  
 Backward he should not look while he  
 Led her through hell's obscurity  
 But ah! it happened, as he made  
 His passage through that dreadful shade,  
 Revolve he did his loving eye,  
 For gentle fear or jealousy,  
 And looking back, that look did sever  
 Him and Eurydice for ever

*Repullulation*, rejuvenescence

*Thirtieth thousand year*, an allusion to the doctrine of  
 the Platonic year

803 TO SAPPHO

SAPPHO, I will choose to go  
Where the northern winds do blow  
Endless ice and endless snow  
Rather than I once would see  
But a winter's face in thee,  
To benumb my hopes and me

804 TO HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, & JOHN CROFT'S  
CUP-BEARER TO THE KING

For all thy many courtesies to me,  
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee  
For the requital, save this only one  
Half of my just remuneration  
For since I've travell'd all this realm through  
To seek and find some few immortals out  
To circumspace this my spacious sphere,  
As lamps for everlasting shining here,  
And having fix'd thee in mine orb a star,  
Amongst the rest, both bright and singular,  
The present age will tell the world thou art,  
If not to th' whole, yet satisfi'd in part  
As for the rest, being too great a sum  
Here 'o be paid, I'll pay't i' th' world to come.

805 THE BRIDE-CAKE

THIS day, my Julia, thou must make  
For Mistress Bride the wedding cake



nead but the ough, and it will be  
 To paste of almonds turn'd by thee •  
 Or kiss it thou but once or twice,  
 And for the bride cake there'll be spice

## 806 TO BE MERRY

LET's now take our time  
 While w'are in our prime,  
 And old, old age is afar off  
 For the evil, evil days  
 Will come on apace,  
 efore we can be aware of

## 807 BURIAL

AN may want land to live in, but for all  
 Nature finds out some place for burial

## 808 LENITY

'Tis the Chirurgeon's praise, and height of art,  
 Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part

## 809 PENITENCE

WHO after his transgressiOn doth repent,  
 Is half, or altogether innocent

## 810 GRIEF

CONSIDER sorrows, how they are aright  
*Grief, ift b' great, 'tis short, if long, 'tis night*

811 THE MAIDEN BLUSH

So look the mornings when the sun  
 Paints them with fresh vermilion  
 So cherries blush, and Kathern pears,  
 And apricots in youthful years  
 So corals look more lovely red,  
 And rubies lately polished  
 So purest diaper doth shine,  
 Stain'd by the beams of claret wine  
 As Julia looks when she doth dress  
 Her either cheek with bashfulness

812 THE MEAN

*Imparity doth ever discord bring,  
 The mean the mus.c makes in everything*

813 HASTE HURTFUL

*Haste is unhappy, wlat we rashly do  
 Is both unlucky, aye, and foolishn, too  
 Where war with rashness is attempted, there  
 The soldiers leave the field with equal fear.*

814 PURGATORY

READERS, we entreat ye pray  
 For the soul f Lucia,  
 That in little time she be  
 From her purgatory free  
 In tne interim she desires  
 That your tears may cool her fires  
*Kathern pears, i e, Catharine p*

*HESPERIDS*

815 THE CLOUD

SEEST thou that cloud that rides in state,  
Part ruby-like, part candidate ?  
It is no other than the bed  
Where Venus sleeps half-smothered

817 THE AMBER BEAD

I SAW a fly within a bead  
Of amber cleanly buried,  
The urn was little, but the room  
ore rich than Cleopatra's tomb

818 TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M MERGY HLRRICK

WHENE'ER I go, or whatsoe'er befalls  
Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,  
This blessing I will leave thee, ere I go  
Prosper thy basket and therein thy dough  
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead  
And bake the flour of amber for thy bread  
Balm may thy trees drop, and thy springs run oil,  
And everlasting harvest crown thy soil !  
These I but wish for , but thyself shall see  
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee

819 THE TRANSFIGURATION

IMMORTAL clothing I put on  
So soon as, Julia, I am gone  
To mine eternal mansion

*Candidate*, robed in white

Thou, thou art here, to hum sight  
 Cloth'd all with incorrupted light,  
 ut yet how more admir'dly bright  
 Wilt thou appear, when thou art set  
 In thy refulgent thronelet,  
 That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit!

O SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT  
 OES fortune rend thee? Bear w th thy hard fate  
*Virtuous instructions ne'er are delicate*  
 Say, does she frown? still countermand her threats  
*Virtue best loves those children that she beats*

821 TO THE PASSENGER.

If I lie unburied, sir,  
 These my relics play inter  
 'Tis religion's part to see  
 Stones or turfs to cover me  
 One word more I had to say •  
 ut it skills not, go your way,  
 He that wants a burial room  
*For a stone, has Heaven his tomb*

823 TO THE KING,

UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER

THIS day is yours, great Charles! and in this w  
 Your fate, and ours, alike victorious are  
 In her white stole now Victory does rest  
*Ensphered with palm on your triumphant crest*  
 Fortune is now your captive, other Kings  
*old but her hands, you hold both hands and wings*  
*Religion's, orig ed religious*

## 824 TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAYBREAK

By the next kindling of the day,  
 My Ju'ia, thou shalt see,  
 ere Ave-Mary thou canst say  
 I'll come and visit thee

Yet ere thou counsel'st w th thy glass,  
 Appear thou to mine eyes  
 As smooth, and nak'd, as she that was  
 The prime of paradise

If blush thou must, then blush thou through  
 A lawn, that thou mayst look  
 As purest pearls, or pebbles do  
 When peeping through a brook.

As lilies shrin'd in crystal, so  
 Do thou to me appear,  
 Or damask roses when they grow  
 To sweet acquaintance there

## 825 COUNSEL

'Twas Cæsar's saying *Kings no less conquerors are  
 y their wise counsel, than they be by war*

## 826 BAD PRINCES PILL THE PEOPLE

LIKE those infernal deities which eat  
 The best of all the sacrificed meat,  
 And leave their servants but the smoke and sweat

So many kings, and primates too there are,  
 Who claim the fat and fleshy for their share  
 And leave their subjects but the starved ware

## 82- MOST WORDS, LESS WORKS

IN desp'rate cases all or most, are known  
 •Commanders, few for execution

## 82S TO DIANE ME

I COULD but see thee yesterday  
 Stung by a fretful bee,  
 And I the javelin suck'd away,  
 And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns and briars and stings,  
 I have in y poor breast,  
 Yet ne'er can see that salve which brings  
 My passions any rest

As love shall help me, I admire  
 How thou canst sit, and smile  
 To see me bleed, and not desire  
 To staunch the blood the while

If thou, compos'd of gentle mould,  
 Art so unkind to me,  
 What dismal stories will be told  
 Of those that cruel be?

*Admire, wonder*

## 830 HIS LOSS

ALL has been plundered from me but my wit  
 Fortune herself can lay no claim to it

## 831 DRAW AND DRINK

MILK still your fountains and your springs for why  
 The more th'are drawn, the less they will grow dry

## 833 TO OENONE

THOU say'st Love's dart  
 Hath pricked thy heart,  
 And thou dost languish too  
 If one poor prick  
 Can make thee sick,  
 Say, what would many do?

## 836 TO ELECTRA

SHALL I go to Love and tell,  
 Thou art all turned icicle?  
 Shall I say her altars be  
 Disadorn'd and scorn'd by thee?  
 O beware! in time submit,  
 Love has yet no wrathful fit  
 If her patience turns to ire,  
 Love is then consuming fire

837 TO MISTRESS AMY POTTER

AY me ! I love , give him your hand to kiss  
 Who both your wooer and your poet is  
 Nature has precompos'd us both to love  
 Your part's to grant , my scene must be to move.  
 Dear, can you like, and liking love your poet ?  
 If you say " Aye," blush-guiltiness will show it  
 Mine eyes must woo you, though I sigh the while  
*Tr love is tongueless as a crocodile*  
 And you may find in love these different parts—  
*Wooers have tongues of ice, but ournng hearts*

838 UPON A MAID

HERE she lies, in bed of spice,  
 Fair as Eve in Paradise  
 For h beauty it was such  
 Poets could not praise too much.  
 Virgins, come, and in a ring  
 Her supremest requiem sing ,  
 Then depart, but see ye tread  
 Lightly, lightly, o'er the dead

839 UPON LOVE

Love is a circle, and an endless sphere,  
 rom good to good, revolving here and th e.

*Supremest, last*



*HESPERIDES*

840 BEAUTY

BEAUTY'S no other but a lovely grace  
Of lively colours flowing from the face.

841 UPON LOVE

SOME salve to every sore we may apply,  
Only for my wound there's no remedy.  
Yet if my Julia kiss me, there will be  
A sovereign balm found out to cure me

844 TO HIS BOOK

MAKE haste away, and let one be  
A friendly patron unto thee  
Lest, rapt from hence, I see thee lie  
Torn for the use of pastery  
Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well,  
To make loose gowns for mackerel  
Or see the grocers in a trice,  
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice

845 READINESS

THE readiness of doing doth express  
No other but the doer's willingness

846 WRITING

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to indite,  
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write

## 847 SOCIETY

Two things do make society to stand  
The first commerce is, and the next comman

## 848 UPON A MAID

GONE she is a long, long way,  
But she has decreed a day  
Back to come, and make no stay  
So we keep, till her return,  
Here, her ashes, or her urn

## 849 SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS

FOR all our works a recompense is sure  
*'Tis sweet think on what was hard t' endure*

## O THE DELAYING BRIDE

WHY so slowly do you move  
To the centre of your love?  
On your niceness though we wait  
Yet the hours say 'tis late  
*Coyness takes us, to a measure,*  
*But o'er cted deads the pleasure*  
Go to bed, and care not when  
Cheerful day shall spring again  
One brave captain did command,  
y his word, the sun to stand

*Nice s, delicacy*

One short charm, if you but say,  
 Will enforce the moon to stay,  
 Till you warn her hence, away,  
 T' have your blushes seen by day

851 TO M HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT  
 COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICS

TOUCH but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear  
 From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere,  
 Then if thy voice commingle with the string,  
 I hear in thee rare Laniere to sing,  
 O! curious Wilson tell me, canst thou be  
 Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three  
 Three, unto whom the whole world give applause  
 Yet their three praises praise but one, that's  
 Lawes

852 AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE

AIDENS tell me I am old,  
 Let me in my glass behold  
 Whether smooth or not I be,  
 Or if hair remains to me  
 Well, or be't or be't not so,  
 This for certainty I know,  
 Ill it fits old men to play,  
 When that Death bids come away

*Gotiere, Wilson*, see above, 111

*Laniere*, Nicholas Laniere (1590?-1670?), musician  
 and painter, appointed Master of the King's Music in  
 1626

## 853 THE BEDMAN, OR GRAVEMAKER

THOU hast made many houses for the dead,  
When my lot calls me to be buried,  
For love or pity, prithee let there be  
I' th' churchyard made one tenement for me

## 854 TO ANTHEA

ANTHEA, I am going hence  
With some small stock of innocence  
But yet those blessed gates I see  
Withstanding entrance unto me  
To pray for me do thou begin,  
The porter then will let me in

## 855 NEED.

WHO begs to die for fear of human need,  
Wisheth his body, not his soul, good speed

## 856 TO JULIA

I AM zealless, prithee pray  
For my welfare, Julia,  
For I think the gods require  
Male perfumes, but female fire

## 857 ON JULIA'S LIPS

SWEET are my Julia's lips and clean,  
As if o'erwashed in Hippocrene

*Male perfumes, perfumes of the best kind.*

## 858 TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT no other thing is, poets say,  
Than the last part of night and first of day

## 859 TO HIS FRIEND, MR J JINCKS

LOVE, love me now, because I place  
Thee here among my righteous race  
The bastard slips may droop and die  
Wanting both root and earth, but thy  
Immortal self shall bo'dly trust  
To live for ever with my Just

## 860 ON HIMSELF

If that my fate has now fulfill'd my year,  
And so soon stopt my longer living here,  
What was't, ye gods, a dying man to save,  
But while he met with his paternal grave!  
Though while we living 'bout the world do ro  
We love to rest in peaceful urns at home,  
Where we may snug, and close together lie  
y the dead bones of our dear ancestry

## 861 KINGS AND TYRANTS

'TWIXT kings and tyrants there's this difference  
known  
*Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own*

*With my Just, cp 664*

862 CROSSES

OUR crosses are no other than the rods,  
And our diseases, vultures of the gods  
Each grief we feel, that likewise is a kite  
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eat, or bite

863 UPON LOVE

Love brought me to a silent grove  
And show'd me there a tree,  
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,  
And gave a twist to me

The halter was of silk and gold,  
That he reach'd forth unto me,  
No otherwise than if he would  
By dainty things undo me

He bade me then that necklace use,  
And told me, too, he maketh  
A glorious end by such a noose  
His death for love that taketh

'Twas but a dream, but had I been  
There really alone,  
My desp'rate fears in love had seen  
Mine execution

864 NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the priest and  
clerk,  
Joan as my lady is as good i' th' dark

## 865 THE BODY

THE body is the soul's poor house or home,  
Whose ribs the laths are, and whose flesh the loam.

## 866 TO SAPPHO

THOU say'st thou lov'st me, Sappho, I say no,  
But would to Love I could believe 'twas so!  
Pardon my fears, sweet Sappho, I desire  
That thou be righteous found, and I the li

## 867 OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE

WE blame, nay, we despise her pains  
That wets her garden when it rains  
But when the drought has dried the knot,  
Then let her use the wat'ring pot  
We pray for showers, at our need,  
To drench, but not to drown our seed

## 868 TO HIS BOOK

TAKE mine advice, and go not ne  
Those faces, sour as vinegar  
For these, and nobler numbers can  
Ne'er please the supercilious man

## 869 TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE

STAND by the magic of my powerful rhymes  
'Gainst all the indignation of the times

*Knot*, quaintly shaped flower-bed

Age shall not wrong thee, or one jot abate  
 Of thy both great and everlasting fate  
 While others perish, here's thy life decreed,  
 Because begot of my ortal seed.

870 • THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT  
 HIMSELF AND JULIA

*Herr* COME and let's in solemn wise  
 Both address to sacrifice  
 Old religion first commands  
 That we wash our hearts, and hands.  
 Is the beast exempt from stain,  
 Altar clean, no fire profane?  
 Are the garlands, is the nard  
 Ready here?

*Ful* All well prepar'd,  
 With the wine that must be shed,  
 'Twixt the horns, upon the head  
 Of the holy beast we bring  
 For our trespass-offering

*Herr* All is well, <sup>©</sup> now next to these  
 Put we on pure surplices,  
 And with chaplets crown'd, we'll roast  
 With perfumes the holocaust  
 And, while we the gods invoke,  
 Read acceptance by the smoke



HESPERIDES

871 TO APOLLO

THOU mighty lord and master of the lyre,  
Unshorn Apollo, come and re inspire  
My fingers so, the lyric strings to move,  
That I may play and sing a hymn to Love

872 ON LOVE

LOVE is a kind of war hence those who fear!  
No cowards must his royal ensigns bear

873 ANOTHER

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire  
*A spark neglected makes a mighty fire*

874 A HYMN TO CUPID

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway,  
With whom the sea nymphs play,  
And Venus, every way  
When I embrace thy knee,  
And make short prayers to thee,  
In love then prosper me  
This day I go to woo,  
Instruct me how to do  
This work thou put'st me to  
From shame my face keep free,  
From scorn I beg of thee,  
Love, to deliver me  
So shall I sing thy praise,  
And to thee altars raise,  
Unto the end of days

875 TO ELECTRA

LET not thy tombstone e'er be laid by me  
Nor let my hearse be went upon by thee  
But let that instant when thou diest be known  
The minute of mine expiration  
One knell be rung for both, and let one grave  
To hold us two      endless honour have

876 HOW HIS SOUL CAME ENSNARED

My soul would one day go and seek  
For roses, and in Julia's cheek  
A richness of those sweets she found  
As in another Rosamond  
But gathering roses as she was,  
Not knowing what would come to pass  
It chanc'd a ringlet of her hair  
Caught my poor soul, as in a snare  
Which ever since has been in thrall,  
Yet freedom she enjoys withal

877 FACTIONS

THE factions of the great ones call,  
To side with them, the commons all

6

881 UPON JULIA'S HAIR BUNDLED UP IN A  
GOLDEN NET

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,  
These golden toils, and trammel nets,

*Richesse, wealth*

To take thine hairs when they are known  
 Already tame, and all thine own?  
 'Tis I am wild, and more than hairs  
 Deserve these meshes and those snares  
 Set free thy tresses, let them flow  
 As airs do breathe or winds do blow  
 And let such curious net works be  
 Less set for them than spread for me

## 883 THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS

LOVE in a shower of blossoms came  
 Down, and half drown'd me with the same  
 The blooms that fell were white and red,  
 But with such sweets commingled,  
 As whether—this I cannot tell—  
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell  
 But true it was, as I roll'd there,  
 Without a thought of hurt or fear,  
 Love turn'd himself into a bee,  
 And with his javelin wounded me  
 From which mishap this use I make,  
*Where most sweets are, there lies a snake*  
*Kisses and favours are sweet things,*  
*But those have thorns and these have stings*

## 885 A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN

NAUGHT are all women I say no,  
 Since for one bad, one good I know  
 For Clytemnestra most unkind,  
 Loving Alcestis there we find

For one Medea that was bad,  
 A good Penelope was had  
 For wanton Lais, then we have  
 Chaste Lucrece, a wife as grave  
 And thus through womankind we see  
 A good and bad    Sirs, credit me

887    SLAVERY

'Tis liberty to serve one lord, but he  
 Who m<sup>y</sup> serves, serves base servility

888    CHARMS

RING the holy crust of bread,  
 Lay it underneath the head,  
 'Tis a certain charm to keep  
 Hags away, while children sleep

889    ANOTHER

LET the superstitious wife  
 Near the child's heart lay a knife •  
 Point be up, and haft be down  
 (While she gossips in the town),  
 This, 'mongst other mystic charms,  
 Keeps the sleeping child from harms

## 890 ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the hag, you must do this  
Commix with meal a little piss  
Of him bewitch'd, then forthwith make  
A little wafer or a cake,  
And this rawly bak'd will bring  
The old hag in No surer thing

## 891 ANOTHER CHARM FOR STABLES

HANG up hooks and shears to scare  
    ence the hag that rides the mare,  
Till they be all over wet  
With the mire and the sweat  
This observ'd, the manes shall be  
Of your horses all knot-free

## 892 CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary and bays,  
    Down with the mistletoe,  
Instead of holly, now up raise  
    The greener box, for show

The holly hitherto did sway,<sup>c</sup>  
    Let ox now domineer  
Until the dancing Easter day,  
    Or Easter's eve appear

Then youthful box which now hath grace  
    Your houses to renew,

Grown old, surrender must his place  
Unto the crisped yew

When yew is out, then birch comes in,  
And many flowers beside,  
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin  
To honour Whitsuntide

Green rushes, then, and sweetest bents,  
With cooler oaken boughs,  
Come in for comely ornaments  
To re adorn the house

Thus times do shift, each thing his turn does hold  
*New things succeed, as former things grow old*

#### 893 THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then  
Till sunset let it burn,  
When quench'd, then lay it up again  
Till Christmas next return  
Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
The Christmas log next year,  
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend  
Can do no mischief there

~

#### 894 UPON CANDLEMAS DAY

END now the white loaf and the pie,  
And let all sports with Christmas die

*Bents* grasses  
*Teend*, kindle

897 TO BIANCA, TO BLESS HIM

WOULD I woo, and would I win ?  
 Would I well my work begin ?  
 Would I evermore be crowned  
 With the end that I propound ?  
 Would I frustrate or prevent  
 All aspects malevolent ?  
 Thwart all wizards, and with these  
 Dead all black contingencies  
 Place my words and all works else  
 In most happy parallels ?  
 All will prosper, if so be  
 I be kiss'd or bless'd by thee

898 JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION

Put on thy holy filletings, and so  
 To th' temple with the sober midwife go  
 Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,  
 By those who serve the child-bed mysteries,  
 Burn first thine incense, next, whenas thou see'st  
 The candid stole thrown o'er the pious priest,  
 With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring  
 Thy free (and not decurted) offering  
 All rites well ended, with fair au pice come  
 (As to the breaking of a bride-cake) home,  
 Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee  
 Provide a second epithalamy

*Candid*, white

*Decurted*, curtailed

*She who keeps chastely to her husband's side  
Is not for one, but every night his bride,  
And stealing still with love and fear to bed,  
Brings him not one, but many a maidenhead*

899 TO HIS BOOK

BEFORE the press scarce one could see  
A little peeping-part of thee,  
But since thou'rt printed, thou dost call  
To show thy nakedness to all  
My care for thee is now the less,  
Having resign'd thy shamefastness  
Go with thy faults and fates, yet stay  
And take this sentence, then away  
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,  
She'll run to all adulteries

900 TEARS

TEARS most prevail, with tears, too, thou may'st  
move  
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love

901 TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS

WORDS beget anger, anger brings forth blows;  
Blows make of dearest friends immortal foes  
For which prevention, sociate, let there be  
betwixt us two no more logomachy  
Far better 'twere for either to be mute,  
Than for to murder friendship by dispute

*Logomachy, contention of words*



## 902 TRUTH

TRUTH is best found out by the time and eyes ,  
*Falsehood wins credit by uncertainties*

## 904 THE EYES BEFORE THE EARS

We credit most our sight , one eye doth please  
 Our trust far more than ten ear witnesses

## 905 WANT

WANT is a softer wax, that takes thereon  
 This, that, and every base impression

## 906 TO A FRIEND

Look in my book, and herein see  
 Life endless signed to thee and me  
 We o'er the tombs and fates shall fly;  
 While other generations die

## 907 UPON M WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSICIAN

SHOULD I not put on blacks, when each one here  
 Comes with his cypress and devotes a tear ?  
 Should I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,  
 Viol, and voice is by thy loss struck mute ?  
 Thy loss, brave man ! whose numbers have been  
 hurl'd,  
 And no less prais'd than spread throughout the  
 world

*Blacks mourning garments*

Some have thee call'd Amphion , some of us  
 Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus  
 Some this, some that, but al' in this agree,  
 Music had both her birth and death with thee

908 A SONG UPON SILVIA

FROM me my Silvia ran away,  
 And running therewithal  
 A primrose bank did cross her way,  
 And gave my love a fall  
  
 But trust me now, I dare not say  
 What I by chance did see ,  
 But such the drap'ry did betray  
 That fully ravished me

909 THE HONEYCOMB

IF thou hast found an honeycomb,  
 Eat thou not all, but taste on some  
 For if thou eat'st it to excess,  
 That sweetness turns to loathsomeness  
 Taste it to temper, then 'twill be  
 Marrow and manna unto thee

910 UPON BEN JONSON.

HERE lies Jonson with the rest  
 Of the poets but the best  
 Reader, would'st thou more have known ?  
 Ask his story, not this stone  
 That will speak what this can't tell  
 Of his glory So farewell

## 911 AN ODE FOR HIM

AH Ben !

Say how, or when  
 Shall we thy guests  
 eet at those lyric feasts  
 Made at the Sun,  
 The Dog, the Triple Tun ?  
 Where we such clusters had,  
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ,  
 And yet each verse of thine  
 Out did the meat, out did the frolic wine

My Ben !

Or come again,  
 Or send to us  
 Thy wit's great overplus ;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it,  
 Lest we that talent spend  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock , the store  
 Of such a wit the world should have no more

## 912 UPON A VIRGIN

SPEND, harmless shade, thy nightly hours  
 Selecting here both herbs and flowers ,  
 Of which make garlands here and there  
 To dress thy silent sepulchre  
 Nor do thou fear the want of these  
*In everlasting properties,*

*The Sun, etc , famous taverns*

Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,  
Far faster than the first can wither

913 BLAME

IN battles what disasters fall,  
The king he bears the blame of all

914 A REQUEST TO THE GRACES

PONDER my words, if so that y be  
Known guilty here of incivility  
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,  
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd  
Teach it to blush, to curtsy, lisp, and show  
Demure, but yet full of temptation, too  
*Numbers ne'er tickle, or but lightly please,*  
*Unless they have some wanton carriages*  
This if ye do, each piece will here be good,  
And grace I made by your neat sisterhood

915 UPON HIMSELF

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold  
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold  
And in good faith I'd thought it strange  
T' have found in me this sudden c̄hange,  
ut that I understood by dreams  
These only were but Love's extremes,  
Who fires with hope the lover's heart,  
And starves with cold the self same part

916 MULTITUDE

W<sup>h</sup> trust not to the multitude in war,  
But to the stout, and those that skilful are

917 FEAR

M<sup>AN</sup> must do well out of a good intent,  
Not for the servile fear of punishment.

918 TO M KELLAM

WHAT! can my Kellam drink his sack  
In goblets to the brim,  
And see his Robin Herick lack,  
Yet send no bowls to him?

For love or pity to his muse,  
That she may flow in verse,  
Condemn to recommend a cruse,  
But send to her a tierce

919 HAPPINESS TO HOSPITALITY, OR, A HEARTY  
WISH TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring  
Into the daily offering  
Of full provision such a stor ,  
Till that the cook cries Bring no more  
Upon your hogsheads never fall  
A drought of wine, ale, beer, at all ,  
Put, like full clouds, may they from thence  
Dimine their mighty influence.

if is om orig ed

Next, let the lord and lady here  
 Enjoy a Christ'ning year by year,  
 And this good blessing back them still,  
 T' have boys, and girls too, as they will  
 Then from the porch may many a bride  
 Unto the holy temple ride  
 And thence return, short prayers said,  
 A wife most richly married  
 Last, may the bride and bridegroom be  
 Untouch'd by cold sterility,  
 But in their springing blood so play,  
 As that in lusters few they may,  
 By laughing too, and lying do  
 People a city or a town

920 CUNCTATION CORRECTION

THE victors bundled up their rods, beside,  
 nit them with knots with much ado unti'd,  
 That if, unknitting, men would yet repent,  
 They might escape the lash of punishment

921 PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS

*Men are suspicious, prone to discontent  
 Subjects still loathe the present government*

922 REST REFRESHES

LAY by the good a while, a resting field  
 Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield,  
 Trees this year bear next, they tneir wealth with-  
 hold  
*Continual reaping makes a land wax old*

*Lusters, quinquenniums*

923 REVENGE

*Man's disposition s for to requits  
An injury, before a benefit  
Thanksgiving is a burden and a pain  
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain*

924. THE FIRST MARS OR MAKES

IN all our high designments 'twill appear,  
*The first event breeds confidence or fear*

925 BEGINNING DIFFICULT

*Hard are the two first stairs unto a crown  
Which got, the third bids him a king come down*

926 FAITH FOUR-SQUARE

FAITH is a thing that's four square, let it fall  
This way or that, it not declines at all

927 THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH

PRAISE they that will times past, I joy to see  
Myself now live *this age best pleaseth me*

928 CLOTHES ARE CONSPIRATORS

THOUGH from without no foes at all we fear,  
We shall be wounded by the clothes we wear

929 CRUELTY

*'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings,  
For to delight in wounds and murderings  
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blows,  
So kings by killing do increase their foes*

930 FAIR AFTER FOUL

*Tears quickly dry, griefs will in time decay :  
A clear will come after a cloudy day*

931 HUNGER

ASK me what hunger is, and I'll reply,  
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and dry.

932 BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE

IN this misfortune kings do most excel,  
To hear the worst from men when they do well.

933 THE END

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend,  
'Tis not the fight at crowns us, but the end

934 THE BONDMAN

IND me but to thee with thine hand  
And quickly I shall be  
Made by that fetter or that snare  
A bondman unto thee



Or if thou tak'st that bond away,  
 Then bore me through the ear,  
 And by the law I ought to stay  
 For ever with thee here

## 935 CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

GIVE house-room to the best, *'tis never kno*  
*Virtue ana pleasure both to dwell in one*

## 936 TO SILVIA

P ON my trespass, Silvia, I confess  
 y kiss out-went the bounds of shamefastness  
 None is discreet at all times, no, *not Jove*  
*Himself, at one time, can be wise and love*

## 937 FAIR SHOWS DECEIVE

SMOOTH was the sea, and seem'd to call  
 Two pretty girls to play withal  
 Who paddling there, the sea soon frown'd,  
 And on a sudden both were drown'd  
 What credit can we give to seas,  
 Who, kissing, kill such saints as these ?

## 938 HIS WISH

FAT be my hind, unlearned be my wife,  
 Peaceful my night, my day devoid of strife  
 To these a comely offspring I desire,  
 Sin in about my everlasting fire

*Hina*, country servant

## 939 UPON JULIA WASHING HERSELF IN THE RIVER

How fierce was I, when I did see  
 My Julia wash herself in thee !  
 So lilies thorough crystal look  
 So purest pebbles in the brook  
 As in the river Julia did,  
 Half with a lawn of water hid  
 Into thy streams myself I threw,  
 And struggling there, I kiss'd thee too,  
 And more had done, it is confess'd,  
 Had not thy waves forbade the rest

## 940 A MEAN IN OUR MEANS

THOUGH frankincense the deities require,  
*We must not give all to the hallowed fire*  
 Such be our gifts, and such be our expense,  
 As for ourselves to leave some frankincense

## 941 UPON CLUNN

A ROLL of parchment Clunn about him be s,  
 Charg'd with the arms of all his ancestors  
 And seems half ravish'd, when he looks upon  
 That bar, this bend, that fess, this cheveron,  
 This manch, that moon, this martlet, and that mound,  
 This counterchange of pearl and diamond  
 What joy c Clunn have in that coat, or this,  
 When his own still out at elbows is ?

942 UPON CUPID

Love, like a beggar, came to me  
 With hose and doublet torn  
 His shirt bedangling from his knee  
 With hat and shoes outworn

He ask'd an alms, I gave him bread,  
 And meat too, for his need  
 Of which, when he had fully fed,  
 He wished me all good speed

Away he went, but as he turn'd  
 (In faith I know not how)  
 e touch'd me so, as that I burn['d],  
 And am tormented now

Love's silent flames and fires obscure  
 Then crept into my heart,  
 And though I saw no bow, I'm sure  
 His finger was the dart

946 AN HYMN TO LOVE

I WILL confess  
 With cheerfulness,  
 Love is a thing so likes me,  
 That let her lay ^  
 ^ On me all day,  
 I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,  
 Now blubb'ring, cry,  
 It, ah! too late repents me,

That I did fall  
To love at all,  
since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'll be  
In fetters free  
While others they sit wringing  
Their hands for pain,  
I'll entertain  
The wounds of love with singing

With flowers and wine,  
And cakes divine,  
To strike me I will tempt thee  
Which done, no more  
I'll come before  
Thee and thine altars empty

947 TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS  
FRIEND, MR CHARLES COTTON

For brave comportment, wit without offence,  
Words fully flowing, yet of influence  
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,  
Worthy the public admiration  
Who with thine own eyes read'st what we do write  
And giv'st our numbers euphony and weight,  
Tell'st when a verse springs high, how understood  
To be, or not, born of the royal blood  
What state above, what symmetry below,  
Lines have, or should have, thou the best can'st  
show

For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be  
 Not so much known, as to be lov'd of thee  
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of bays  
 e less another's laurel than thy praise

## 948 WOMEN USELESS

WHAT need we marry womer, when  
 Without their use we may have men,  
 And such as will in short time be  
 For murder fit, or mutiny?  
 As Cadmus once a new way found,  
 By throwing teeth into the ground,  
 From which poor seed, and rudely sown,  
 Sprung up a war-like nation  
 So let us iron, silver, gold,  
 Brass, lead, or tin throw into th' mould,  
 And we shall see in little space  
 Rise up of men a fighting race  
 If this can be, say then, what need  
 ave we of women or their seed?

## 949 LOVE IS A SYRUP

LOVE is a syrup, and whoe'er we see  
 Sick and surcharg'd with this satiety,  
 Shall by this pleasing trespass quickly prove  
*There's loathsomeness e'en in the sweets of love.*

## 950 LEAVEN

LOVE is a leaven, and a loving kiss  
 The leaven of a loving sweethe t is

951 REPLETION

PHYSICIANS say repletion springs  
More from the sweet than sour things

952 ON HIMSELF

WEEP for the dead, for they have lost this light  
And weep for me, lost in an endless night  
Or mourn, or make a marble verse for me,  
Who writ for many Benedicite

953 NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY

No man such rare parts hath that he c    swi  
If favour or occasion help not him

54 ON HIMSELF

Lost    the world , lost to myself, alone  
Here now I rest under this marble stone  
In depth of silence, heard and seen of none

955 TO M LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULI  
FRIEND

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd  
This line about, live thou throughout the world,  
Who t a m    for all scenes , unto whom,  
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome  
C 'st write the comic, tragic strain, and fall  
Fro    these to pen the pleasing pastoral

Who fir'st at all heights prose and verse run'st  
 through,  
 Find'st here a fault, and mend st the trespass too  
 For which I might extol thee, but speak less,  
 Because thyself art coming to the press  
 And then should I in praising thee be slow,  
 Posterity will pay thee what I owe

956 TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M JOHN HALL,  
 STUDENT OF GRAY'S INN

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring  
 Thee less to taste than to drink up their spring,  
 That none hereafter should be thought, or be  
 A poet, or a poet-like but thee?  
 What was thy birth, thy star that makes thee  
 known,  
 At t ce ten years, a prime and public one?  
 Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence  
 Thou had'st and hast thy mighty influence,  
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,  
 And no less prais'd than of the maids admired  
 Put on thy laurel then, and in that trim  
 Be thou Apollo or the type of him  
 Or let the unshorn god lend thee his lyre,  
 And next to him be master of the choir

957 TO JULIA

OFFER thy gift, but first the law commands  
 Thee, Julia, first, to sanctify thy hands  
 Do that, my Julia, which the rites require,  
 Then boldly give thine incense to the fire

958 TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER  
M ELIZABETH FINCH

HANDSOME you are, and proper you will be  
Despise of all your infortunity  
Live long d lovely, but yet grow no less  
In that your own prefixed comeliness  
Spend on that stock and when your life must fall  
Leave others beauty to set up withal

960 TO HIS BOOK

If hap it must, that I must see thee lie  
Absyrtus-like, all torn confusedly  
With solemn tears, and with much grief of heart,  
I'll recollect thee, weeping, part by part,  
And having wash'd thee, close thee in a chest  
With spice, th done, I ll leave thee to thy rest

961 TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON  
COURT SET AND SUNG

WELCOME, great Cæsar, welcome now you are  
As dearest peace after destructive war  
Welcome as slumb s, or as beds of e e  
After our long and peevish sicknesses

*Proper*, well-made

*Absyrtus like* the brother of Medea, cut in piec by  
her that his father might be delayed by gathering his  
limbs



O pomp of glory ! Welcome now, and come  
 To repossess once more your long'd for home  
 A thousand altars smoke a thousand thighs  
 Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice  
 Enter and prosper, while our eyes do wait  
 For an ascendent throughlv auspicate  
 Under which sign we may the former stone  
 Lay of our safety's new foundation  
 That done, O Cæsar ! live and be to us  
 Our fate, our fortune, and our genius,  
 To whose free knees we may our temples tie  
 As to a still protecting deity  
 That should you stir, we and our altars too  
 May, great Augustus, go along with you  
*Chor* Long live the King ! and to accomplish this,  
 We'll from our own add far more years to his

962 ULTIMUS HEROUM OR, TO THE MOST LEAPNED,  
 D TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY,  
 MARQUIS OF DORCHESTER

AND time past when Cato the severe  
 Enter'd the circumspaceous theatre,  
 In reverence of his person everyone  
 Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone,  
 E'en so my numbers will astonished be  
 If but looked on, struck dead, if scann'd by thee

*Ascendent*, the most influential position of a planet in  
 trology

*Auspicate*, propitious

963 TO HIS MUSE, ANOTHEP TO THE AME.

TELL that brave m , fain thou would'st have e  
To kiss his h ds, but that for fearfulness,  
Or else because th'art like a modest bride,  
Ready to blush to death, should he but chide.

966 TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M JO HARMAR,  
PHYSICIAN TO THE COLLEGE OF  
WESTMINSTER

WHEN first I find those numbers thou dost write  
To be most soft, terse, sweet, and perpolite  
Next, when I see thee tow'ring in the sky,  
In an exp sion no less large th high,  
Then, in that compass, sailing here d there,  
And with circumgyration everywhere,  
Following with love d active heat thy g e,  
And then at last to truss the epigr ,  
I must confess, distinction none I see  
Between Domitian's Martial then, and thee  
ut this I know, should Jupiter again  
Descend from heaven to reconverse with men,  
The Rom language full, and superfine,  
If Jove would speak, he vould accept of thine.

967 UPON HIS SPANIEL TRACY

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,  
For shape d service, sp iel like to thee  
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one  
Tear, that deserves of me a million

*Perpolite*, well polished

## 968 THE DELUGE

ROWNING, drowning, I espy  
 Coming from my Julia's eye  
 'Tis some solace in our smart,  
 To have friends to bear a part  
 I have none, but must be sure  
 Th' inundation to endure  
 Shall not times hereafter tell  
 This for no me miracle?  
 When the waters by their fall  
 Threaten'd ruin unto all,  
 Yet the deluge here was known  
 Of a world to drown but one

## 971 STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVEREIGNTY

LET kings and rulers learn this line from me  
*Where power is weak, unsafe is majesty*

## 973 CRUTCHES

THOU see'st me, Lucia, this year droop,  
 Three zodiacs filled more, I shall stoop,  
 Let crutches then provided be  
 To shore up my debility  
 Then, while thou laugh'st, I'll sighing cry,  
 "A ruin, underpropp'd, am I"  
 Don will I then my beadsman's gown,

*Zodiacs*, used    symbols of the astronomical ye  
*Beadsman's*, almshouseman's

And when so feeble I am grown,  
 As my weak shoulders cannot be  
 The burden of a grasshopper,  
 Yet with the bench of aged sires,  
 When I d they keep termly fires,  
 With my weak voice I'll sing, or say,  
 Some odes I made of Lucia  
 ,Then will I heave my wither'd h d  
 To Jove the mighty, for to stand  
 Thy faithful friend, and to pour do  
 Upon thee many a benison

974 TO JULIA

HOLY waters hither bring  
 For the sacred sprinkling  
 Baptise me and thee, and so  
 Let us to the altar go,  
 And, ere we our rites commence,  
 W h our hands in innocence  
 Then I'll be the Rex Sacrorum,  
 Thou the Queen of Peace d Quoru

975 UPON CASE

CASE is a lawyer, that ne'er pl ds alone,  
 But when he hears the like confusion,  
 As when the disagreeing Commons throw  
 About their House, their clamorous Aye or No.

*Quorum*, i.e., quorum of justices of the peace, sp  
 tively added for the rhyme's sake

Then Case, as loud as any serjeant there,  
 Cries out My lord, my lord, the case is cle  
 But when all's hush'd, Case, than a fish more mute,  
 estirs his hand, but starves in hand the suit

## 976 TO PERENNA

I a dirge will pen to thee ,  
 Thou a trentall make for me  
 That the monks and friars together,  
 Here may sing the rest of either  
 Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have  
 C dlemas to grace the grave

## 977 TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, M SUSANNA HERRICK

THE person crowns the place , your lot doth fall  
 Last, yet to be with these a principal  
 Howe'er it fortun'd , know for truth, I meant  
 You a fore leader in this test ent

## 978 UPON THE LADY CREW

THIS stone can tell the story of my life,  
 What was my birth, to whom I was a wife  
 In teeming years, how soon my sun was set  
 Where fow I rest, these may be known by jet.  
 For other things, my many children be  
 The best d truest chronicles of me.

*Trentall* services for the dead

979 ON TOMASIN PARSONS

Grow up in beauty, thou dost begin,  
And be of all admired, Tomasin

980 CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE

Down with the rosemary, and so  
Down with the bays and mistletoe,  
Down with the holly, 'vy, 'l',  
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas Hall  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least branch there left behind  
For look, how many leaves there be  
Neglected, there (maids, trust to me)  
So many goblins you shall see

981 SUSPICI MA S SECURE

He that will live of all cares dispossess'd,  
Must shun the bad, aye, and suspect the best

983 TO HIS N N, M THO HERRICK, WHO  
DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK •

WELCOME to this my college, and though late  
Thou'st got a place here (standing candidate)  
It tters not, since thou art chosen one  
Here of my great and good foundation  
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## 984 A BUCOLIC BETWIXT TWO LACON AND THYRSIS

*Lacon* For a kiss or two, confess,  
 What doth cause this pensiveness,  
 Thou most lovely neat herdess ?  
 Why so lonely on the hill ?  
 Why thy pipe by thee so still,  
 That erewhile was heard so shrill ?  
 Tell me, do thy kine now fail  
 To full fill the milking pail ?  
 Say, what is't that thou dost ail ?

*Thyr* None of these , but out, alas !  
 A mischance is come to pass,  
 And I'll tell thee what it was  
 See, mine eyes are weeping ripe

*Lacon* Tell, and I ll lay down my pipe

*Thyr* I have lost my lovely steer,<sup>a</sup>  
 That to me was far more dear  
 Than these kine which I milk here  
 Broad of forehead, large of eye,  
 Party-colour'd like a pie ,  
 Smooth in each limb as a die ,  
 Clear of hoof, and clear of horn  
 Sharply pointed as a thorn,  
 With a neck by yoke unworn ,  
 From the which hung down by strings,  
     alls of cowslips, daisy rings,  
 Interplac'd with ribbonings

*Pie, &c* , a magpie.

Faultless every way for shape ,  
 Not a straw could him escape ,  
 Ever gamesome as an ape ,  
 But yet harmless as a sheep .  
 Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ,  
*Tears will spring where woes are deep*  
 Now, ay me ! ay me ! Last night  
 Came a mad dog and did bite,  
 Aye, and kil'd my dear delight

*Lacon* Alack, for grief !

*Tnyr* But I'll be brief  
 Hence I must, for time doth call  
 Me, and my sad playmates all,  
 To his ev'ning funeral  
 Live long, Lacon, so adieu !

*Lacon* Mournful maid, farewell to you ,  
*E th afford ye flowers to strew.*

985 UPON SAPPHO

Look upon Sappho's lip, d you will swe  
 There is a love-like leaven rising there

988 A BACCHANALIAN VERSE

DRINK up  
 Your cup,  
 ut not spill wine ,



For if you  
Do,  
Tis, an ill sign,

That we  
Foresee  
You are cloy'd here  
If so, no  
Ho,  
But avoid here

## 989 CARE A GOOD KEEPER

*Care keeps the conquest, 'tis no less renown  
To keep a city than to win a town*

## 990 RULES FOR OUR REACH

Men must have bounds how far to walk, for we  
Are made far worse by lawless liberty

## 991 TO BIANCA

AH, Bianca! now I see  
It is noon and past with me  
In a while it will strike one,  
Then, Bianca, I am gone  
Some effusions let me have  
Offer'd on my holy grave,  
Then, Bianca, let me rest  
With my face towards the East.

99- TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESS GRACE POTTER

As is your name, so is your comely face  
 Touch'd everywhere with such diffused grace,  
 As that in all that admirable round  
 There is not one least solecism found,  
 And as that part, so every portion else  
 Keeps line for line with beauty's parallels

993 ANACREONTIC

I MUST  
 Not trust  
 Here to any,  
     Bereav'd,  
     Deceiv'd  
 By so many  
     As one  
     Undone  
 By my losses,  
     Comply  
     Will I  
 With my crosses,  
     Yet still  
     I will  
 Not be grieving,  
     Since thence  
     And hence  
 Comes relieving  
     But this  
     Sweet is  
 In our mourning,

Times bad  
 And sad  
 Are a turning  
 And he  
 Whom we  
 See dejected,  
 Next day  
 We may  
 See erected

## 994 MO MODEST, MORE MANLY

'Tis still observ'd those men most valiant are,  
 That ost modest ere they come to war

995 NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS  
THE CHARGE

WHY should we covet much, whenas we know  
 W'ave more to bear our charge than way to go?

## 996 ANACREONTIC VERSE

RISK methinks I am, and fine  
 When I drink my cap'ring wine  
 Then to love I do incline,  
 When I drink my wanton wine  
 And I wish all maidens mine,  
 When I drink my sprightly wine  
 Well I sup d well I dine,  
 When I drink my frolic wine,  
 But I languish, lower, d pine,  
 When I want my fragrant wine

998 PATIENCE IN PRINCES

*Kings must not use the axe for each offence,  
Princes cure some faults by their patience*

999 FEAR GETS FORCE

*Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed  
The coward then takes arms and does the deed*

1000 PARCEL CILT POETRY

LET'S strive to be the best, the gods, we know it,  
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent poet

1001 UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND  
ANSWER

I BRING ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Like and dislike ye

I bring ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Stroke ye to strike ye

I bring ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Love will befool ye

I bring ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Heat ye to cool ye

I bring ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Love's gifts will send ye

I bring ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Stock ye to spend ye

I bring ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Love will fulfil ye

I bring ye love    *Quest* What will love do ?

*Ans* Kiss ye to kill ye

1002 TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN  
CORNWALL

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that  
Which we, and times to come, shall wonder at  
Lift up thy sword, next, suffer it to fall,  
And by that one blow set an end to all

## 1003 HIS GRANGE

How well contented in this private grange  
Spend I my life, that's subject unto change  
Under whose roof with moss-work wrought, there I  
Kiss my brown wife and black posterity

## 1004 LEPROSY IN HOUSES

WHEN to a house I come, and see  
The Genius wasteful, more than free  
The servants thumbless, yet to eat  
With lawless tooth the flour of wheat  
The sons to suck the milk of kine,  
More than the teats of discipline  
The daughters wild and loose in dress,  
Their cheeks unstained with shamefac'dness.  
The husband drunk, the wife to be  
A bawd to incivility,  
I must confess, I there descry,  
A house spread through with leprosy

*Grange*, a fa   stead  
*Thumbless*, lazy   cp   painful thumb, *supra*

1005 GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests  
To come with their own bellies unto feasts,  
Not to eat equal portions, but to rise  
Forced with the food that may themselves suffice

1006 ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION

ANTHEA laugh'd, and fearing lest excess  
Might stretch the cords of civil comeliness,  
She with a dainty blush rebuk'd her face,  
And call'd each line back to his rule and space

I 7 COMFORTS IN CROSSES

BE not dismayed though crosses cast thee down,  
Thy fall is but the rising to a crown

1008 SEEK AND FIND

*Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out*

1009 REST

ON with thy work, though thou be'st hardly press'd  
*Labour is held up by the hope of rest*

*Forced* stuffed

## 1010 LEPROSY IN CLOTHES

WHEN flowing garments I behold  
 Inspir'd with purple, pearl and gold,  
 I think no other, but I see  
 In them a glorious leprosy  
 That does infect and make the rent  
 More mortal in the vestiment  
*As flowery vestures do descry  
 The wearer's rich immodesty  
 So plain and simple clothes do show  
 Where virtue walks, not those that flow*

## 1012 GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES

*To an old sore a long cure must go on  
 Great faults require great satisfaction*

## 1013 HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND

You ask me what I do, and how I live ?  
 And, noble friend, this answer I must give  
 Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,  
 O'er which you'll walk, when I am laid beneath

## 1014 THE BEGGAR

SHALL I a daily beggar be,  
 For love's sake asking alms of thee ?  
 Still shall I crave, and never get  
 A hope of my desired bit ?

Ah, cruel maids ! I'll go my way,  
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may  
Find out a threshold or a door  
That may far sooner speed the poor  
Where thrice we knock, and none will hear,  
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there

1015 BASTA S

OUR bastard children are but like to plate  
Made by the coiners—illegitimate

1016 HIS CHANGE

MY many cares and much distress  
Has made me like a wilderness,  
Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude  
And all confused multitude  
Out of my comely manners worn,  
And, as in means, in mind all to

1017 THE VISION

METHOUGHT I saw, as I did dream in bed,  
A crawling vine about Anacreon's head  
Flushed was his face, his hairs with oil did shine,  
And, as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with wine  
Tipp'd he was, and tippling lisp'd withal,  
And lisp'd reeled, and reeling like to fall  
A young enchantress close by him did stand,  
Tapping his plump thighs with a myrtle wand -



She smil'd, he kiss'd, and kissing, cull'd her too,  
 And being cup snot, more he could not do  
 For which, methought, in pretty anger she  
 Snatched off his crown, and gave the wreath to me,  
 Since when, methinks, my brains about do swim,  
 And I am wild and wanton like to him

## 1018 A VOW TO VENUS

HAPPILY I had a sight  
 Of my dearest dear last night,  
 Make her this day smile on me,  
 And I'll roses give to thee

## 1019 ON HIS BOOK

THE bound, almost, now of my book I see,  
 But yet no end of those therein, or me  
 Here we begin new life, while thousands quite  
 Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night

## 1020 A SONNET OF PERILLA

THEN did I live when I did see  
 Perilla smile on none but me  
 But, ah! by stars malignant crossed,  
 The life I got I quickly lost,  
 But yet a way there doth remain  
 For me embalm'd to live again,  
 And that's to love me, in which state  
 I'll live as one regenerate

*Cull'd* embraced  
*Cup-shot* drunk

## 1021 BAD MAY BE BETTER

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well  
*Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.*

## 1022 POSTING TO PRINTING

LET others to the printing press run fast,  
 Since after death comes glory, I'll not haste

## 1023 RAPINE BRINGS RUIN

WHAT's got by justice is established sure  
*No kingdoms got by rapine long endure*

1024 COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAS LOST HIS  
LOVE

WHAT needs complaints,  
 When she a place  
 Hath with the race  
     Of saints?  
 In endless mirth,  
 She thinks not on  
 What's said or done  
     In earth  
 She sees no tears,  
 Or any tone  
 Of thy deep groan  
     She hears

Nor does she mind,  
 Or think on't now,  
 That ever thou  
     Wast kind,  
 But chang'd above,  
 She likes not there,  
 As she did here,  
     Thy love  
 Forbear, therefore,  
 And lull asleep  
 Thy woes, and weep  
     No more

1026 SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER  
 TWELFTH DAY

PARTLY work and partly play  
 Ye must on S Distaff's day  
 From the plough soon free your team,  
 Then come home and fodder the  
 If the maids a-spinning go,  
     urn the flax and fire the tow,  
 Scorch their plackets, but beware  
 That ye singe no maidenhair  
     ring in pails of water, then,  
 Let the maids bewash the men.  
 Give Distaff all the right,  
 Then bid Christmas sport ood night,  
 And next morrow everyone  
 To his own vocation

*Plackets, petticoats*

1027 SUFFERANCE

IN the hope of ease to come,  
Let's endure one martyrdom

1028 HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss  
To thee, my silver footed Thamesis  
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,  
Whereon so many stately structures stand  
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go  
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do,  
No more shall I along thy crystal glide  
In barge with boughs and rushes beautif'd,  
With soft smooth virgins for our chaste disport,  
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court  
Never again shall I with finny oar  
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore  
And landing here, or safely landing there,  
Make way to my beloved Westminster,  
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth  
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth  
May all clean nymphs and curious water dames  
With swan-like state float up and down thy streams  
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
To make them lean and languishing at all  
No ruffling winds come hither to disease  
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades  
Keep up your state, ye streams, and ye spring,  
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting  
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,  
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever

*Reiterate, retread*

## 1029 PARDONS

THOSE ends in war the best contentment bring,  
*Whose peace is made up with a pardoning*

## 1030 PEACE NOT PERMANENT

*Great cities seldom rest, if there be none  
 T' invade from far, they'll find worse foes at home*

## 1031 TRUTH AND ERROR

*'Twixt truth and error there's this difference known,  
 Error is fruitful, truth is only one*

## 1032 THINGS MORTAL STILL MUTABLE

*Things are uncertain, and the more we get,  
 The more on icy pavements we are set*

## 1033 STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

*Studies themselves will languish and decay,  
 When either price or praise is ta'en away.*

## 1034 WIT PUNISHED, PROSPERS MOST.

DAD not the shackles on with thine intent,  
*Good wits get more fame by their punishment.*

1035 TWELFTH NIGHT OR, KING AND QUEEN

Now, now the mirth comes  
 With the cake full of plums,  
 Where bean's the king of the sport here,  
     beside we must know,  
 The pea also  
 must revel, as queen, in the court here

    egin then to choose,  
 This night as ye use,  
 Who shall for the present delight here,  
     Be a king by the lot,  
     And who shall not  
 Be Twelfth day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make  
 Joy sops with the cake,  
 And let not a man then be seen here,  
     Who unurg'd will not drink  
     To the base from the brink  
 A health to the king and the queen here

Next crown the bowl full  
 With gentle lamb's wool  
 Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
     With store ale too,  
     And thus ye must do  
 To make the wassail a swing

Give then to the king  
 And queen wassailing  
 And though with ale ye be whet here,  
 VOL II                      IO

Yet part ye from hence,  
 As free from offence  
 As when ye innocent met here

## 1036 HIS DESIRE

GIVE me a man that is not dull  
 When all the world with rifts is full;  
 But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,  
 When the roof's a tottering  
 And, though it falls, continues still  
 Tickling the cittern with his quill

## 1037 CAUTION IN COUNSEL.

Now when to speak, for many times it brings  
 Danger to give the best advice to kings

## 1038 MODERATION

Let moderation on thy passions wait,  
 Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate

## 1039 ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR

*Still take advice, though cou els, when they fly  
 At random, sometimes hit most happily*

*Cittern*, a kind of lute, *quill*, the plect for striking it

1040 CONFORMITY IS COMELY

*Conformity gives comeliness to things  
And equal shares exclude all murmurings*

1041 LAWS

Who violates the customs, hurts the health,  
Not of one man, but all the commonwealth

1042 THE MEAN

'Tis much among the filthy to be clear,  
*O* a heat of youth can hardly keep the mean

1043 LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE

Like will to like, each creature loves his kind,  
Chaste words proceed still from a chaste mind

1044 HIS HOPE OR SHEET ANCHOR

Among these tempests great and manifold  
My ship has here one only anchor hold,  
That is my hope, which if that slip, I'm one  
Wandered in this vast wat'ry region

1045 COMFORT IN CALAMITY

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,  
When the great crack not crushes one, but all



## 1046 TWILIGHT

THE twilight is no other thing, we say,  
Than night now gone, and yet not sprung the day

## 1047 FALSE MOURNING

HE who wears blacks, and mourns not for the dead,  
Does but deride the party buried

1048 THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR, CONSENT  
MAKES THE CURE

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill  
Is half way cured if the party will.

## 1049 DIET

IF wholesome diet can recure a man,  
What need of physic or physici

## 1050 SMART

TRIPES, justly given, yerke us with their fall,  
ut causeless whipping smarts the most of all

## 1051 THE TINKER'S SONG.

ALONG, come along,  
Let's meet in throng  
Here of tinkers,  
And quaff up a bowl  
As big as a cowl  
To beer drinkers.

*lacks*, mourning garments

The pole of the hop  
 Place in the aleshop  
     To bethwack us,  
 If ever we think  
 So much as to drink  
     Unto Bacchus  
 Who frolic will be  
 For little cost, he  
     Must not vary  
 From beer broth at all,  
 So much as to call  
     For Canary

1052 HIS COMFORT

THE only comfort of my life  
 Is, that I never yet had wife,  
 Nor will hereafter, since I know  
 Who weds, 'er-buys his weal in woe

1053 SINCERITY

WASH clean the vessel, lest ye so  
 Whatever liquor in ye pour

1054 TO ANTHEA.

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,  
 The primrose sick, and sickly everything;  
 The while my dear Anthea d's but droop,  
 The tulps, lilies, daffodils do stoop  
     ut when again she's got her healthful ho  
     ach b' ding then will rise a proper flower

## 1055 NOR BUYING OF SELLING

Now, if you love me, tell me,  
 For as I will not sell ye,  
 So not one cross to buy thee  
 I'll give, if thou deny me

## 1056 TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M JO WICKS

SINCE shed or cottage I have none,  
 I sing the more, that thou hast one  
 To whose glad threshold, and free door,  
 I may a poet come, though poor,  
 And eat with thee a savoury bit,  
 Paying but common thanks for it  
 Yet should I chance, my Wicks, to see  
 An over leaven look in thee,  
 To sour the bread, and turn the beer  
 To an exalted vinegar  
 Or should'st thou prize me as a dish  
 Of thrice-boiled worts, or third day's fish,  
 I'd rather hungry go and come,  
 Than to thy house be burdensome,  
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be  
 One that should drop his beads for thee

## 1057 THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFUL

*Who may do most, does least the bravest will  
 Show mercy there, where they have power to kill*

*Cross, a coin  
 Worts, cabbages  
 Drop his beads, i e , pray*

1058 AFTER AUTUMN, WINTER

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall,  
After leaves, the tree must fall

1059 A GOOD DEATH

FOR truth I may this sentence tell,  
*No man does ill, that liveth well*

1060 RECOMPENSE

WHO plants an olive, but to eat the oil?  
*Reward, we know, is the chief end of toil*

1061 ON FORTUNE

THIS is y comfort when she's most unkind  
She can but spoil me of my means, not mind

1062 TO SIR GEORGE PARRY, DOCTOR OF THE  
CIVIL LAW

I HAVE my laurel chaplet on my head  
If, 'mongst these many numbers to be read,  
But one by you be hugg'd and cherished

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where  
Your judgment finds a guilty poem, there  
Be you a judge, but not a judge severe

The mean pass by, or over, none contemn,  
 The good applaud, the peccant less condemn,  
 Since absolution you can give to them

Stand forth, brave man, here to the public sight,  
 And in my book now claim a twofold right  
 The first as doctor, and the last as knight

## 1063 CHARMS

THIS I'll tell ye by the way  
 Maidens, when ye leavens lay,  
 Cross your dough, and your dispatch  
 Will be better for your batch.

## 1064 ANOTHER

IN the morning when ye rise,  
 Wash your hands and cleanse y<sup>o</sup>ur eyes  
 Next be sure ye have a care  
 To disperse the water far,  
 For as far as that doth light,  
 So far keeps the evil sprite

## 1065 ANOTHER

IF ye fear to be affrighted  
 When ye are by chance benighted,  
 In your pocket for a trust  
 Carry nothing but a crust  
 For that holy piece of bread  
 Charms the danger and the dread

1067 GENTLENESS

*That prince must govern with a gentle hand  
Who will have love comply with his comm d*

1068 A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND  
MISTRESS ELIZA WHEELER, UNDER  
THE NAME OF AMARYLLIS

*Her* My dearest love, since thou wilt go,  
And leave me here behind thee,  
For love or pity let me know  
The place where I may find thee

*Amy* In country meadows pearl'd with dew,  
And set about with lilies,  
There, filling maunds with cowslips, you  
May find your Amaryllis

*Her* What have the meads to do with thee,  
Or with thy youthful hours ?  
Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be  
The queen of men, not flowers

Let country wenches make 'em fine  
With posies, since 'tis fitter  
For thee with richest gems to shine,  
And like the stars to glitter

*Ama* You set too high a rate upon  
A shepherdess so homely.

*Maunds*, baskets

*Hu* Believe it, dearest, there's not one  
I th' Court that's half so comely

I put thee stay *Ama* I must away,  
I let's kiss first, then we'll sever

*Ambo* And though we bid adieu to-day,  
We shall not part for ever

## 1069 TO JULIA

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,  
Matins sing, or matins say  
Thus, I know, the fiend will fly  
Far away, if thou be'st by  
Bring the holy water hither,  
Let us wash and pray together,  
When our beads are thus united,  
Then the foe will fly affrighted

## 1070 TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM

ROSES, you can never die,  
Since the place wherein ye lie,  
Heat and moisture mix'd are so  
As to make ye ever grow

1071 TO THE HONOURED MASTER ENDYMION  
PORTER

WHEN to thy porch I come and ravish'd see  
The state of poets there attending thee,  
Those bards and I, all in a chorus sing  
We are thy prophets, Porter, thou our king

*Beads, prayers*

1072 SPEAK IN SEASON

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear, but speak  
When a clear day out of a cloud does break

1073 OBEDIENCE

THE power of princes rests in the consent  
Of only those who are obedient  
Which if away, proud sceptres then will lie  
Low, and of thrones the ancient majesty

1074 ANOTHER OF THE SAME

No man so well a kingdom rules as he  
Who hath himself obeyed the sovereign

1075 OF LOVE

- 1 INSTRUCT me now what love will do
- 2 'Twill make a tongueless man to woo
- 1 Inform me next, what love will do
- 2 'Twill strangely make a one of two
- 1 Teach me besides, what love will do
- 2 'Twill quickly mar, and make ye too
- 1 Tell me now last, what love will do
- 2 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierced through

1076 UPON TRAP

TRAP of a player turn'd a priest now is  
Behold a sudden metamorphosis  
If tithe-pigs fail, then will he shift the scene,  
And from a priest turn player once again



1080 THE SCHOOL OR PEARL OF PUTNEY, THE  
 ~ MISTRESS OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS,  
 MISTRESS PORTMAN

WHETHER I was myself, or else did see  
 Out of myself that glorious hierarchy,  
 Or whether those, in orders rare, or these  
 Made up one state of sixty Venuses,  
 Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,  
 Or muses on their mountain sitting there,  
 Or some enchanted place, I do not know,  
 Or Sharon, where eternal roses grow  
 This I am sure I ravished stood, as one  
 Confus'd in utter admiration  
 Methought I saw them stir, and gently ove,  
 And look as all were capable of love,  
 And in their motion smelt much like to flowers  
 Inspir'd by th' sunbeams after dews and showers  
 There did I see the reverend rectress stand,  
 Who with her eye's gleam, or a glance of hand  
 Those spirits raised, and with like precepts then,  
 As with a magic, laid them all again  
*A happy realm! When no compulsive law,  
 Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe*  
 Live you, great mistress of your ts, and be  
 A nursing mother so to majesty, ~  
 As those your ladies may in time be seen,  
 For grace and carriage, everyone a queen  
 One birth their parents gave them, but their new,  
 And better being, they receive from you  
*Man's fo er birth is graceless, but the state  
 Of life co s in, when he's regenerate.*

1081 TO PERENNA

THOU say'st I'm dull, if edgeless so I be  
I'll whet my lips, and sharpen love on thee

1082 ON HIMSELF

LET me not live if I not love  
Since I as yet did never prove  
Where pleasures met at last do find  
All pleasures meet in womankind

1083 ON LOVE

THAT love 'twixt men does ever longest last  
Where war and peace the dice by turns do cast

1084 ANOTHER ON LOVE

LOVE's of itself too sweet, the best of all  
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall

1086 UPON CHUB

WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries,  
"Aha, my boys! here's meat for Christmas pies!"  
oon after he for beer so scores his wheat,  
That at the tide he has not bread to eat

1087 PLEASURES PERNICIOUS

WHERE pleasures rule a kingdom, never there  
Is ber virtue seen to move her sphere

1088 ON HIMSELF

A WEARIED pilgrim, I nave wandered here  
T ce five d twenty, bate me but one year,  
Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,  
ut yet those years that I have lived, but few

Who by his grey hairs doth his lusters tell,  
 Lives not those years, but he that lives them well.  
 One man has reach'd his sixty years, but he  
 Of all those threescore, has not liv'd half three.  
*He lives, who lives to virtue, men who cast  
 Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last*

1089 TO M<sup>r</sup> LAURENCE SWEINAHAM

READ thou my lines, my Swetnaham, if there be  
 A fault, 'tis hid if it be voic'd by thee  
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please  
 How will it drop pure honey spealing these!

1090 HIS COVENANT, OR, PROTESTATION TO  
JULIA

WHY dost thou wound and break my heart,  
 As if we should for ever part?  
 Hast thou not heard an oath from me,  
 After a day, or two, or three,  
 I would come back and live with thee?  
 Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,  
 This second protestation now  
 Upon thy cheek that spangled tear,  
 Which sits as dew of roses there,  
 That tear shall scarce be dried before  
 I'll kiss the threshold of thy door  
 Then weep not, sweet but thus much know,  
 I'm half return'd before I go

*Luster, five years*

1091 ON HIMSELF

I WILL no longer kiss,  
 I can no longer stay ;  
 The way of all flesh is  
 That I must go this day  
 Since longer I can't live,  
 My frolic youths, adieu ,  
 My lamb to you I'll give  
 And e'll my troubles too

1092 TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN,  
 M<sup>r</sup> MICHAEL CULSWORTH

NOR think that thou in this my book art worst,  
 Because not plac'd here with the midst, or first  
 Since fame that sides with these, or goes before  
 Those, that must live with thee for evermore ,  
 That fame, an' fame's rear'd pillar, thou shalt see  
 In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee  
 Fix on that column then, and never fall,  
 Held up by Fame's eternal pedestal

1093 TO HIS GIRLS, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM  
 SPORTFUL

ALAS ! I can't, for tell me, how  
 Can I be gamesome, aged now ?  
 Besides, ye see me daily grow  
 Here, winter-like, to frost and snow ;  
 And I, ere long, my girls, shall see  
 Ye quake for cold to look on me.

*In the next sheet See 1129*

## 1094 TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

*Truth by her own simplicity is known,  
Falsehood by varnish and vermilion*

## 1095 HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton and too bold, I fear,  
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek or ear  
eg for my pardon, Julia *he doth win*  
*Grace with the gods who's sorry for his sin*  
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come  
And go with me to choose my burial room  
y fates are ended, when thy Herrick dies,  
Clasp thou his book, then close thou up his eyes

## 1096 ON HIMSELF

ONE ear tingles, some there be  
That are snarling now at me  
Be they those that Homer bit,  
I will give them thanks for it

## 1097 UPON KINGS

*Kings must be dauntless, subjects will condemn  
Those who want hearts and wear a diadem*

?

## 1098 TO HIS GIRLS

WANTON wenches, do not bring  
For my hairs black colouring  
For my locks, girls, let 'em be  
Grey or white, all's one to me

1100 TO HIS BROTHER, NICHOLAS HERRICK

WHAT others have with cheapness seen and ease  
 In varnish'd maps, by th' help of compasses,  
 Or read in volumes and those books th all  
 Their large narrations incanonical,  
 Thou hast beheld those seas and countries far,  
 And tell'st to us what once they were, d are  
 So that with bold truth thou c 'st now relate  
 This kingdom's fortune, and that empire's fate.  
 Can'st talk to us of Sharon, where a spring  
 Of roses have an endless flourishing,  
 Of Sion, Sirai, Nebo, d with them  
 Make known to us the new Jerusalem,  
 The Mount of Olives, Calvary, d v here  
 Is, and hast seen, thy Saviour's sepulchre.  
 So that the man that will but lay his s  
 As inapostate to the thing he hears,  
 Shall by his hearing quickly come to see  
 The truth of travels less in books th thee.

1101 THE VOICE AND VIOL.

RARE is the voice itself but when we sin  
 To th' lute or viol, then 'tis ravishing

o  
 1102 W

If kings d kingdoms once distracted be,  
 The sword of war u try the sovereignty

*Large, exaggerated.*

*Incanonical, t worthy*

## 1103 A KING AND NO KING

*That prince who may do nothing but what's just,  
Rules but by leave, and takes his crown on trust*

## 1104 PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS

ALL are not ill plots that do sometimes fail ,  
Nor those false vows which oftentimes don't prevail

## 1105 FLATTERY

WHAT is't that wastes a prince ? example shows,  
'Tis flattery spends a king, more than his toes.

## 1109 EXCESS

EXCESS is sluttish keep the mean, for why ?  
Virtue's clean conclave is sobriety

## 1111 THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt the soul is , which when gone,  
The flesh soon sucks in putrefaction

## 1117 ABSTINENCE

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence  
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence

*Ci clave*, guard

## 1118 NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE

WHEN fear admits no hope of safety, then  
Necessity makes dastards valiant men

## 1119 SAUCE FOR SORROWS

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no relief,  
*An equal mind is the best sauce for grief*

## 1120 TO CUPID

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold,  
Thou kill'st with heat, and I strike dead with cold  
Let's try of us who shall the first expire,  
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchless fire  
*Extremes are fatal where they once do strike,*  
*And bring to th' heart destruction both alike*

## 1121 DISTRUST

WHATEVER men for loyalty pretend,  
*'Tis wisdom's part to doubt a faithful friend.*

## 1123 THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES

AFTER thy labour take thine ease,  
Here with the sweet Pierides  
But if so be that men will not  
Give thee the laurel crown for lot,  
e yet assur'd, thou shalt have one  
Not subject to corruption



## 1121 ON HIMSELF

I'll write no more of love, but now repent  
 Of all those times that I in it have spent  
 I'll write no more of life, but wish 'twas ended,  
 And that my dust was to the earth commended

## 1125 TO HIS BOOK

Go thou forth, my book, though late  
 Yet be timely fortunate  
 It may chance good luck may send  
 Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
 That may harbour thee, when I  
 With my fates neglected lie  
 If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
 See, the fire's by farewell

## 1126 THE END OF HIS WORK

PART of the work remains, one part is past  
 And here my ship rides, having anchor cast

## 1127 TO CROWN IT

My wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd!  
 The haven reach'd to which I first w bound

## 1128 ON HIMSELF

THE work is done young men and maidens, set  
 Upon y curls the myrtle coronet

Washed with sweet ointments thus I shall be  
 To suffer in the Muses' martyrdom,  
 But with this comfort, if my blood be shed  
 The Muses will wear blacks when I am dead

# II29 THE PILLAR OF FAME

FAME'S pillar here, at last, we set,  
 Outdaring marble, brass, or jet.  
 Charm'd and enchanted so  
 As to withstand the blow  
 Of overthrow,  
 Nor shall the seas,  
 Or outrages  
 Of storms o'erbear  
 What we uprear  
 Tho' kingdoms fall,  
 This pillar never shall  
 Decline or wane at all,  
 But stand for ever by his own  
 Firm and well-fix'd foundation

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed  
*For und his muse was, but his life was chaste*

*Blacks, mourning garments.*



HIS  
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongst other things)

he sings the Birth of his CHRIST;  
and fighes for his *Saviours* luffe-  
ring on the *Crosse*

---

HESIOD

"Ιδμεν ψείδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα  
"Ιδμεν δ', εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.



---

L O N D O N

Printed for *John Williams*, and *Francis Eglesfield*

1647



# HIS NOBLE NUMBERS :

OR

## HIS PIOUS PIECES

### I HIS CONFESSION

Look how our foul days do exceed our fair;  
And as our bad, more than our good works are  
Even so those lines, pen'd by my wanton wit,  
Treble the number of these good I've writ  
Things precious    e least numerous    men are prone  
To do ten bad for one good action

### 2 HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

For those my unbaptised rhymes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,  
For every sentence, clause, and word,  
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,  
Forgive me, God, and blot each line  
Out of my book that is not Thine  
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one  
Worthy Thy benediction,  
That one of all the rest shall be  
The glory of my work and me

## 3 TO FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire , or canst thou find  
A way to measure out the wind ,  
Distinguish all those floods that are  
Mix'd in that watery theatre ,  
And taste thou them as saltless there  
As in their channel first they were  
Tell me the people that do keep  
Within the kingdoms of the deep ,  
Or fetch me back that cloud again  
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain ,  
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and specks  
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ,  
Show me that world of stars, and whence  
They noiseless spill their influence  
This if thou canst, then show me Him  
That rides the glorious cherub

## 4 WHAT GOD IS

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,  
And is the best known, not defining Him

## 5 UPON GOD

GOD is not only said to be  
An Ens, but Supraentity.

*Keep, abide*

## 6 MERCY AND LOVE

God hath two wings which He doth ever move,  
The one is mercy, and the next is love  
Under the first the sinners ever trust,  
And with the last He still directs the just

## 7. GOD'S ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION

God when He's angry here with anyone,  
His wrath is free from perturbation,  
And when we think His looks are sour and grim,  
The alteration is in us, not Him

## 8 GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED

'Tis hard to find God, but to comprehend  
Him as He is, is labour without end

## 9 GOD'S PART

PRAYERS and praises are those spotless two  
Labs, by the law, which God requires as due

## 10 AFFLICTION

God ne'er affects us more than our desert,  
Though He may seem to overact His part  
Sometimes He strikes us more than flesh can bear,  
But yet still less than grace can suffer here



## II THREE FATAL SISTERS

THREE fatal sisters wait upon each sin,  
First, fear and shame without, then guilt within

## I2 SILENCE

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk  
God, the Most Wise is sparing of His talk

## I3 MIRTH

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin

## I4 LOADING AND UNLOADING

GOD loads and unloads, thus His work begins,  
To load with blessings and unload from sins

## I5 GOD'S MERCY

GOD's boundless mercy is, to sinful man,  
Like to the ever-wealthy ocean  
Which though it sends forth thousand streams 'tis  
ne'er  
known, or else seen, to be the emptier,  
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more  
Full, d fill'd full, than when full fill'd before

16 PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE

God, He rejects all prayers that are slight  
And want their poise words ought to have their  
weight

17 TO GOD AN ANTHEM SUNG IN THE CHAPEL AT  
WHITEHALL BEFORE THE KING

*Verse* My God, I'm wounded by my sin,  
And sore without, and sick within  
*Ver Chor* I come to Thee, in hope to find  
Salve for my body and my mind  
*Verse* In Gilead though no balm be found  
To ease this smart or cure this wound  
*Ver Chor* Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee  
All saving health, and help for me  
*Verse* Then reach Thou forth that hand of  
Thine,  
That pours in oil, as well as wine,  
*Ver Chor* And let it work, for I'll endure  
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure

18 UPON GOD

God is all fo -part, for, we never see  
Any part backward in the Deity.

19 CALL G AND CORRECTING

God is not only merciful to call  
Men to repent, but when He strikes withal

## 20 NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING

God scourgeth some severely, some He spares ,  
But all in smart have less or greater shares

## 21 THE ROD

God's rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then  
The rod doth sleep, while vigil t are men

## 22 GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART

God, when for sin He makes His children smart,  
His own He acts not, but another's part ,  
ut when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known  
He comes to play the part that is His own.

## 23 GOD IS ONE

God, as He is most holy known,  
So He is said to be most one

## 24 PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are  
To the beholder and the sufferer  
Bettering them both, but by a double strain,  
Thē first by patience, and the last by pain

## 25 TO GOD

Do with me, God, as Thou didst deal with John,  
Who writ that heavenly Revelation

Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder hear  
 Then let the harp's enchantments stroke mine ear  
 Here give me thorns, there, in Thy kingdom, set  
 Upon my head the golden coronet,  
 There give me day, but here my dreadful night  
 My sackcloth here, but there my stole of white

## 26 WHIPS

GOD has His whips here to a twofold end  
 The bad to punish, and the good t' amend

## 27 GOD'S PROVIDENCE

If all transgressions here should have their pay,  
 What need there then be of a reckoning day?  
 If God should punish no sin here of men,  
 His providence who would not question then?

## 28 TEMPTATION

THOSE saints which God loves best,  
 The devil tempts not least.

## 29 HIS EJACULATION TO GOD

O God! look on me with Thine eye  
 Of pity, not of scrutiny,  
 For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see  
 Nothing but loathsome sores in me  
 O then, for mercy's sake, behold  
 These my eruptions manifold,

*Stroke, text strike*

And I deal me with Thy look or touch,  
 But if Thou wilt not deign so much,  
 Because I'm odious in Thy sight,  
 Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

### 30 GOD'S GIFTS NOT SOON GRANTED

GOD hears us when we pray, but yet defers  
 His gifts, to exercise petitioners,  
 And though a while He makes requesters stay  
 With princely hand He'll recompense delay

### 31 PERSECUTIONS PURIFY

GOD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,  
 To make, not mar her, by this punishment,  
 So where He gives the bitter pills, be sure  
 'Tis not to poison, but to make thee pure

f

### 32 PARDON

GOD pardons those who do through frailty sin  
 But never those that persevere therein

### 33 AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR

IN numbers, and but these few,  
 I sing Thy birth, O JESU!  
 Thou pretty baby, born here,  
 With sup'rabund t scorn here;

Who for Thy princely port here,  
     Hadst for Thy place  
     Of birth a base  
 Out stable for Thy court here

Instead of neat enclosures  
 Of interwoven osiers,  
 Instead of fragrant posies  
 Of daffodils and roses,  
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
     As Gospel tells,  
     Was nothing else  
 But here a homely manger

But we with sables, not crewels,  
 With sundry precious jewels,  
 And filly-work will dress Thee,  
 And as we disposes Thee  
 Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,  
     Sweet babe, for Thee  
     Of ivory,  
 And plaister'd round with amber

The Jews they did disdain Thee,  
 But we will entertain Thee  
 With glories to await here,  
 Upon Thy princely state here,  
 And more for love than pity,  
     From year to year,  
     We'll make Thee, here,  
 A freeborn of our city

*Cr* *e's* worsteds                      *Clouts*, rags.  
 VOL II                                      12

## 34 LIP-LABOUR

IN the old Scripture I have often read,  
The calf without meal ne'er was offered,  
To figure to us nothing more th    this,  
Without the heart lip-labour nothing is

## 35 THE HEART

IN prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part,  
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart

## 36 EARRINGS

W    wore th' Egyptians jewels in the ear?  
ut for to teach us, all the grace is there,  
When we obey, by acting what we he

## 37 SIN SEEN

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,  
Then is the horror of the trespass se

## 38 UPON TIME

TIME was upon  
The wing, to fly away,  
And I call'd on  
Him but awhile to stay,  
But he'd be gone,  
For ought that I could say

He held out then  
A writing, he went,  
And ask'd me, when  
False man would be content  
To pay again  
What God and Nature lent.

An hour-glass,  
In which were sands but few,  
As he did pass,  
He show'd, and told me, too,  
Mine end near was  
And so away, he flew

## 39 HIS PETITION

If war or want shall make me grow so poor,  
As for to beg my bread from door to door,  
Lord! let me never act that beggar's part,  
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart  
He who asks alms in that so sacred Name,  
Without due reverence, plays the cheater's game

## 40 TO GOD

Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be  
With me in my misery,  
Suffer me to be so bold  
As to speak, Lord, say and hold



## 41 HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill  
Has, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,

Ah! that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath pray'd,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about  
Either with despair, or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me

When the tempter me pursueth  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me

When the judgment is reveal'd  
And that open'd which was seal'd,  
When to Thee I have appeal'd,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

42 THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite  
God to bestow a second benefit

## 43 COCK-CROW

BELLMAN of night, if I about shall go  
 For to deny my Master, do thou crow  
 Thou stop'dst St Peter in the midst of sin,  
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin  
     etter it is, premonish'd for to shun  
 A sin, than fall to weeping when 'tis done

44 ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS  
 ADVERSL and prosperous fortunes both work on  
     ere, for the r ghteous man's salvation,  
     e he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,  
 All serve to th' augmentation of his good

## 45 PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,  
 When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome

## 46 TO GOD

I'LL come, I'll creep, though Thou dost threat,  
     u bly unto Thy mercy seat  
 When I am there, this then I'll do,  
 Give Thee a dart,     d dagger too,  
     ext, when I have my faults confessed,  
 Naked I'll show a sighing breast,  
 Which if that can't Thy pity woo,  
 Then let Thy justice do the rest  
     And strike it through

## 47 A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell ,  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weatner proof ,  
Under the spars of which I lie  
Both soft and dry ,  
Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmiess thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep  
Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
Both void of state ,  
And yet the threshold of my door  
Is worn by th' poor,  
Who thither come, and freely get  
Good words or meat ,  
Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchen s small ,  
A little buttery, and therein  
A little bin  
Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
Unclipt, unflead  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or bri  
ake me a fire,  
Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it  
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,  
The pulse is Thine,

*Unflead*, lit unflay'd.

And all those other bits, that be  
There placed by Thee,  
The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
Of water cress,  
Which of Thy kirdness Thou hast sent,  
And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved beet,  
To be more sweet  
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth,  
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
Spiced to the brink  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty dropping hand,  
That soils my land,  
And giv'st me for my bushel sown,  
Twice ten for one  
Thou mak'st my teenung hen to lay  
Her egg each day,  
Besides my healthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each year,  
The while the conduits of my kine  
Run cream for wine  
All these, and better Thou dost send  
Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
A thankful heart,  
Which, fired with incense, I resign,  
As wholly Thine,  
ut the acceptance, that must be,  
My Christ, by Thee  
*Purslain*, an herb

## 48 TO GOD

MAKE make me Thine, my gracious God  
 Or with Thy staff, or with Thy rod,  
 And be the blow, too, what it will,  
 Lord, I will kiss it, though it kill  
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,  
 Yet in torments, I'll commend Thee  
 Examine me with fire and prove me  
 To the full, yet I will love Thee,  
 Nor shall Thou give so dear a wound  
 But I repentant will be found

## 49 ANOTHER TO GOD

LORD, do not beat me,  
 Since I do sob and cry,  
 And soon away to die,  
 Ere Thou dost threat me  
 Lord, do not scourge me  
 If I by lies and oaths  
 Have soil'd myself or clothes,  
 But rather purge me

## 50 NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE

HAPPY's that man to whom God gives  
 A stock of goods, whereby he lives  
 Near to the wishes of his heart  
 No man is blest through every part

## 51 TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these  
 So very many meeting hindrances,  
 That slack my pace, but yet not make *e* stay ?  
 Who slowly goes, *rids*, in the end, his way  
 Clear Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,  
 Remove the bars, or lift me o'er the stiles  
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
 And take me up, or else prevent the fall  
 I ken my home, and it affords some ease  
 To see far off the smoking villages  
 Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die  
 For fe of future biting penury  
 No, no, y God, Thou know'st my wishes be  
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee

## 52 ANOTHER

THOU bid'st me come, I cannot come, for why ?  
 Thou dwell'st aloft, d I w t wings to fly  
 To count my soul, she must have pinions given,  
 For 'tis no easy way from earth to heaven.

## 53 TO DEATH

THOU bid'st me come away,  
 And I'll no longer stay  
 Than for to shed some tears  
 For faults of former years,

*Rids way*, gets over the gro d

And to repent some crimes  
 Done in the present times  
 And next, to take a bit  
 Of bread, d wine with it  
 To don my robes of love,  
 Fit for the place above,  
 To gird my loins about  
 With charity throughout,  
 And so to travel hence  
 With feet of innocence  
 These done, I ll only cry  
 God mercy, and so die

54 NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME

GOD will have all, or none, serve Him, or fall  
 Down before Baal, Bel, or Behal  
 Either be hot or cold God doth despise,  
 Abhor, d spew out all neutralities

55 WELCOME WHAT COMES

WHATEVER comes, let's be content thal  
 Among God's blessings there is no one small.

56 TO HIS ANGRY GOD

THROUGH all the night  
 Thou dost me fright,  
 And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;



And day by day,  
My cup can say  
My wine is mix'd with weeping

Thou dost my bread  
With ashes knead  
Each evening and each morrow,  
Mine eye and ear  
Do see and hear  
The coming in of sorrow

Thy scourge of steel  
Ah me! I feel  
Upon me beating ever  
While my sick heart  
With dismal smart  
Is disacquainted never

Long, long, I'm sure,  
This can't endure,  
But in short time 'twill please Thee,  
My gentle God,  
To burn the rod,  
Or strike so as to ease me

57 PATIENCE OR, COMFORTS IN CROSSES

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,  
Yet none of these have made me sad  
For why? My Saviour with the sense  
Of suffering gives me patience

58 ETERNITY

O YEARS! and age! farewell.  
Behold, I go  
Where I do know  
Infinity to dwell

And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i' th' sea  
O vast eternity

Where never moon shall set,  
The stars, but she  
And night shall be  
Dropt in one endless day

59 TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD A PRESENT  
BY A CHILD

Go, pretty child, and take this flower  
Unto thy little Saviour,  
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,  
He is the Rose of Sharon known  
When thou hast said so, stick it there  
Upon His bib or stomacher,  
And tell Him, for good handsel too,  
That thou hast brought a whistle new,  
Made of a cleave strait oaten reed,  
To charm His cries at time of need

*Handsel*, earnest money

Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none,  
 But if thou hadst, He should have one,  
 But poor thou art, and known to be  
 Even as moneyless as He  
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss  
 From those mellifluous lips of His,  
 Then never take a second on,  
 To spoil the first impression

## 60 THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT

LET others look for pearl and gold,  
 Tissues, or tabbies manifold  
 One only lock of that sweet hay  
 Whereon the blessed baby lay,  
 Or one poor swaddling clout, shall be  
 The richest New-Year's gift to me

## 61 TO GOD

If anything delight me for to print  
 My book, 'tis this that Thou, my God, art in't

## 62 GOD AND THE KING

How I bound to Two! God, who doth give  
 The mind, the king, the means whereby I live

*Tabbies*, shot silks

## 63. GOD'S MIRTH MAN'S MOURN G

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy fears  
 What He with laughter speaks, h r thou with tears

## 64 HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES

GIVE me h ours! what are these,  
 But the pleasing hindrances?  
 Stiles, d stops, and s'rays that come  
 In the way 'twixt me and home,  
 Clear the walk, and then shall I  
 To my heaven less run than ny

## 65 THE PARASCLVE, OR PREPARATION

To a love feast we both invited are  
 The figur'd damask, or pure d'aper,  
 Over the golden altar now is spread,  
 With bread, and wine, d ve els furnished,  
 The sac d towel d tne holy ewer  
 Are ready by, to make tne guests all pure  
 Let's go, my Alma, yet ere we receive,  
 Fit, fit it is we have our par ceve  
 Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,  
 better be starv'd, th but to taste one b.

## 66 TO GOD

GOD gives not only corn for need,  
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed,

*Parasclve, preparation.*

Bread for our service, bread for show,  
 Meat for our meals, and fragments too  
 He gives not poorly, taking some  
 Between the finger and the thumb,  
 But for our glut and for our store,  
 F'ne flour press'd down, and running o'er.

## 67 A WILL TO BE WORKING

ALTHOUGH we cannot turn the fervent fit  
 Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the stream of it  
 And howsoe'er we have the conquest miss'd,  
 'Tis for our glory that we did resist

## 68 CHRIST'S PART

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoe'er He comes  
 To feed or lodge, to have the best of rooms  
 Give Him the choice grant Him the nobler part  
 Of all the house the best of all's the heart

## 69 RICHES AND POVERTY

GOD could have made all rich, or all men poor,  
 But why He did not, let me tell wherefore  
 Had all been rich, where then had patience been?  
 Had all been poor, who had His bounty seen?

## 70 SOBRIETY IN SEARCH

To seek of God more than we well can find,  
 Argues a strong distemper of the mind

71 ALMS

GIVE, if thou canst, an alms, if not, afford,  
 Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word  
*God crowns our goodness wheresoe'er He sees,*  
*On our part, wanting all abilities*

72 TO HIS CONSCIENCE

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be  
 My private protonotary ?  
 Can I not woo thee to pass by  
 A short and sweet iniquity ?  
 I'll cast a mist and cloud upon  
 My delicate transgression  
 So utter dark as that no eye  
 Shall see the hugg'd impiety ,  
 Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please  
 And wind all other witnesses ,  
 And wilt not thou with gold be tri'd  
 To lay thy pen and ink aside ?  
 That in the mirk and tongueless night  
 Wanton I may, and thou not write ?  
 It will not be And, therefore, now,  
 For times to come I'll make this vow,  
 From aberrations to live free ,  
 So I'll not fear the Judge or thee

*Protonotary*, once the title of the chief clerk in the  
 Courts of Common Pleas and King's Bench

## 73 TO HIS SAVIOUR

LORD, I confess, that Thou alone t'able  
 To purify this y Augean stable  
 e the seas water, and the land all soap,  
 Yet if Thy blood not wash me, there's no hope

## 74 TO GOD

GOD is all sufferance here, here e doth show  
 No row nockt, only a stringless bow  
 His arrows fly, and all is stones e hurl'd  
 Against e wicked in another world.

## 75 HIS DREAM

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse  
 Oil from Thy jar into my cruse,  
 And pouring still Thy wealthy store,  
 The vessel full did then run o'er,  
 Methought I did Thy bounty chide  
 To see the waste, but 'twas replied  
 y Thee, dear God, God gives an seed  
 Ofttimes for waste, as for his need  
 Then I could say that house is bare  
 That h not bread and some to spare

## 76 GOD'S BOUNTY

God's bounty, that ebbs less and less  
 As men do wane in thankfulness

*Nockt*, placed ready for shoot

## 77 TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep,  
 And time seems then not for to fly, but creep,  
 Slowly her chariot driv', as if that she  
 Had broke her wheel, or crack'd her axietr  
 Just it is with me, who, list'ning pray  
 The winds to blow the tedious night away,  
 That I might see the cheerful, peeping day  
 Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do Thou please  
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses  
 Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death,  
 Let me Thy voice betimes in th' morning hear  
 Call, and I'll come, say Thou the when, and where.  
 Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run  
 And make no one stop till my race be done.

## 78 HIS CREED.

I do believe that die I must,  
 And be return'd from out my dust  
 I do believe that when I rise,  
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes  
 I do believe that I must come,  
 With others, to the dreadful doom  
 I do believe the bad must go  
 From thence, to everlasting woe  
 I do believe the good, and I,  
 Shall live with Him eternally  
 I do believe I shall inherit  
 Heaven, by Christ's mercies, not my merit



I do believe the One in Three,  
 And Three in perfect unity  
 Lastly, that JESUS is a deed  
 Of gift from God and here's my creed

## 79 TEMPTATIONS

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have access  
 Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingness

## 80 THE LAMP

WHEN a man's faith is frozen up, as dead,  
 There is the lamp and oil extinguished

## 81 SORROWS

SORROWS our portion are ere hence we go,  
 Crosses we must have, or, hereafter woe

## 82 PENITENCY

A MAN'S transgressions God does then remit,  
 When and He make a penitent for it

83 THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER SUNG  
 BY THE VIRGINS

O THOU, the wonder of all days '  
 O paragon, and pearl of praise '  
 O virgin tyr, ever blest  
 Above the rest

Of all the maiden train ! We come,  
And bring fresh strings to thy tomb

Thus, thus, and thus we compass round  
Thy harmless and unhaunted ground,  
And we sing thy dirge, we will  
The daffodil

And other flowers lay upon  
The altar of our love, thy stone

Thou wonder of all maids, hest here,  
Of daughters all the dearest dear,  
The eye of virgins, nay, the queen  
Of this smooth green,  
And all sweet meads from whence we get  
The primrose and the violet

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy,  
By thy sad lot, our liberty  
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet  
Thou paidst the debt  
Lent maid ! he won the day,  
But for the corquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him alone  
The olive branch and victor's song  
He slew the Ammonites, we know,  
But to thy woe

And in the purchase of our peace,  
The cure was worse than the disease

For which obedient zeal of thine,  
We offer here, before thy shrine,

Our sighs for storax, tears for wine,  
And to make fine  
And flesh thy he se-cloth, we will, nere,  
Four times bestrew thee ev'ry year

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears  
Receive this offering of our hairs  
Receive these crystal vials fill'd

With tears distill'd  
From teeming eyes, to these we bring  
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb, besides, these caul,  
These laces, ribbons, and these falls,  
These veils, herewith we use to hide  
The bashful bride.

When we conduct her to her groo  
And all we lay upon thy to b

No ore, no more, since thou t dead,  
hall we e'er bring coy brides to bed,  
o ore, at yearly festivals

We cowslip balls  
Or chains of columbines shall make  
or this or that occasion's sake

o, no, our maiden pleasures be  
Wrapp'd in the winding sheet with thee  
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave

Or, if we have  
 ne seed of life left, 'tis to keep  
 A L t for thee, to fast and weep.

*Cauls*, nets for the hair  
*Falls*, tr        ngs han ng loosely

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,  
 And make this place all paradise  
 May sweets grow here and smoke from hence  
                     Fat frankincense  
 Let balm and cassia send their scent  
 From out thy maiden-monument

May no wolf howl, or screech-owl stir  
 A wing about thy sepulchre !  
 No boisterous winds or storms come hither  
                     To starve or wither  
 Thy soft sweet earth but, be a spring,  
 Love keep it ever flourishing

May all shy maids, at wonted hours,  
 Come forth to strew thy tomb with howls  
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,  
                     ale-incense burn  
 Upon thine altar then return,  
 And leave thee sleeping in thy

#### 84. TO GOD ON HIS SICKNESS

WHAT though my harp and viol be  
 Both hushed upon the willow tree ?  
 What though thy bed be now thy grave,  
 And for thy house I darkness have ?  
 What though my healthful days be fled,  
 And I lie number'd with the dead ?  
 Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,  
 To spring, though now as though 'd flow

*Male.*           e, incense in globular drops

## 85 SINS LOATHED, AND YET LOVED

*hame checks our first attempts , but then 'tis prov'd  
Sins first dislik'd are after that below'd*

## 86 SIN

IN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels  
The following plague still treading on his heels

## 87 UPON GOD

GOD, when He takes my goods and chattels hence,  
Gives me a portion, giving patience  
What is in God is God , if so it be  
e patience gives, He gives Himself to me

## 88 FAITH

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit;  
y faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit

## 89 HUMILITY

UMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go  
High is the roof there , but the gate is low  
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye.  
Grace is incre ed by humility

90 TEARS

OUR present tears here, not our present laught  
Are but the *handsels* of our joys hereafter

91 SIN AND STRIFE

AFTER true sorrow for our sins, our strife  
•Must I t with Satan to the end of life

92 AN ODE, OR PSALM TO GOD

DEAR God,  
If Thy smart rod  
Here did not make me sorry,  
I should not be  
With Thine or Th  
In Thy eternal glory

'But since  
Thou didst convince  
My sins by gently striking,  
Add still to those  
First stripes new blows,  
According to Thy liking

Fear me,  
Or scourging tear me,  
That thus from vices driven,  
I may from hell  
Fly up to dwell  
With Thee and Thine in heaven

*Handsels,*      est money, foret te.

93 GRACES FOR CHILDREN

WHAT God gives, and what we tal  
 'Tis a gift for Christ, His sake  
 e the meal of beans and peas,  
 God be thanked for those and these  
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
 All are fragments from His dish  
 He His Church save, and the kin ,  
 And o peace h e, like a spung,  
 ake it ever o ishing

4 GOD TO BE FIRST SERVED

HONOUR thy parents, but good manner. call  
 Thee to adore thy God the first of ail.

95 ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD

HERE a little chuid I stand  
 eavin up y either hand,  
 Cold as paddocks though they be,  
 ere I lift them up to Thee,  
 For a benison to fall  
 n our eat and on us all A en.

96. A CH STMAS CAROL SUNG TO THE KING  
 ^ THE PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL

*hor.* WHAT sweeter music can we br  
 Th a c ol for to sing

*Paddocks, frogs.*

## NOBLE NUMBERS

The birth of this our heavenly King?  
 Awake the voice! awake the string!  
     heart, ear, and eye, and everything  
 Awake! the while the active finger  
 Runs division with the singer

### FROM THE FLOURISH THEY CAME TO THE SONG

1 DARK and dull night fly hence away  
 And give the honour to this day  
 That sees December turn'd to May

2 If we may ask the reason, say  
 The why and wherefore all things here  
 Seem like the spring-time of the year

3 Why does the chilling winter's morrow  
 Smell like a field beset with corn?  
 Or smell like to a mead new shorn,  
 Thus, on the sudden?

4 Come and see  
 The cause, why things thus fragrant be  
 'Tis he is born, whose quick'ning birth  
 Gives life and lustre, public mirth,  
 To heaven and the under-earth

hor We him come and know him see  
 Who, through His birthshine and His sheers,  
 Turns all the patient ground to flowers

1 The darling of the world is come,  
 And fit it is we find a room

*Division*, a rapid passage of *c* or *s* in one or two  
 or a single syllable



To welcome Him

2 The nobler part  
Of all the house here is the heart,

*Chor* Which we will give Him, and bequeath  
This holly and this ivy wreath,  
To do Him honour, who's our King,  
And Lord of all this revelling

*The musical part was composed by M Henry Lawes.*

97 THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT OR, CIRCUMCISION'S  
SONG SUNG TO THE KING IN THE  
PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL

1 PREPARE for songs, He's come, He's come,  
And be it sin here to be dumb,  
And not with lutes to fill the room

2 Cast holy water all about,  
And have a care no fire goes out,  
ut 'cense the porch and place throughout

3 The altars all on fire be,  
The stor' fries, and ye may see  
How heart and hand do all agree

To make things sweet *Chor* Yet all less sweet  
th He

4 ring Him along, most pious priest,  
And tell us then, whenas thou seest  
His gently-gliding, dove like eyes,  
And hear'st his whimpering and His cry,  
ow can'st thou this Babe circumsise?

5 Ye must not be more pitiful than wise,  
 For, now unless ye see Him bleed,  
 Which makes the bapti'm, 'tis decreed  
 The birth is fruitless *Chor* Then the work God  
 speed

1 Touch gently, gently touch, and here  
 Spring tulips up through all the year  
 And from His sacred blood, here shed,  
 ay roses grow to crown His own dear head

*Chor* ack, back again, each thing is done  
 With zeal alike, as 'twas began,  
 Now singing, homeward let us carry  
 The Babe unto His mother Mary,  
 And when we have the Child commended  
 To her warm bosom, then our rites are ended  
*Composed by M Henry Lawes.*

98 THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT OR, SONG FOR  
 THE CIRCUMCISION

1 HENCE, hence profane, and none appear  
 With y thing unhallowed here,  
 No jot of leaven must be found  
 Conceal'd in this most holy ground

2 What is corrupt, or sour'd with sin,  
 Leave that without, then enter in,

*Chor* ut let no Christmas mirth begin  
 efore ye purge and circumcise  
 Your hearts, and hands, lips, ears, d eyes

- 3 Then, like a perfum'd altar, see  
That all things sweet and clear may be  
For here's a Babe that, like a bride,  
Will blush to death if ought be spi'd  
Ill-scenting, or unp if'd

*Chor* The room is 'cens'd help, help t' invoke  
Heaven to co e down, the while we choke  
The temple with a cloud of smoke

- 4 Come then, d gently touch the birth  
Of im, who's Lord of Heaven and E th

- 5 And softly h dle Him, y'ad need,  
ecause the pretty abe does bleed  
Poor pitied Child ! who from Thy stall  
ring'st, in Thy blood, a balm that shall  
e the best New-Year's gift to all

- 1 Let's bless the Babe d, as we sing  
His praise, so let us bless the King

*Chor* Long may e live till e hath told  
is New Ye s trebled to is old  
And when that's done, to re aspire  
A new-born Phoenix fro is own chaste fire.

#### 99 GOD'S PARDON

WHEN I shall sin, p don my trespass here ;  
For once in hell, none kno re ion there

## I SIN

IN once reached up to God's eternal sphere,  
And wmmitted, not re tted th e.

## IOI EVIL

EVIL no nat e hath, the loss of good  
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

I THE STAR-SONG A CAROL TO THE G  
SUNG AT WHITEHALL

*The Flourish of Music, then followed the Song*

1 TELL us, thou clear d heavenly tongue,  
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?  
Lies he lily-banks among?

2 Or ay, if this n irth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,  
Sp gled with dew-light, thou c st cl  
All doubts, d manifest the where

3 D l e to us, bright star, if we shall seek  
H in the o ing's blushing cheek,  
Or s ch the b of spi through,  
To find him out

r o, this ye need not do,  
ut only me d see Him rest  
A Princely abe 's mother's bre t

*Chor* He's seen, He's seen ' why then a round,  
 Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground,  
 And all rejoice that we have found  
*A King before conception crown'd*

4 Come then, come then, and let us bring  
 Unto our pretty Twelfth-tide King,  
 Each one his several offering,

*Chor* And when night comes, we'll give Him  
 wassailing,  
 And that His treble honours may be seen,  
 We'll choose Him King, and make His  
 mother Queen

# 103 TO GOD

With golden censers, and with incense here  
 efore Thy virgin altar I appear,  
 To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see  
 In, without, all, all belongs to Thee  
 Where shall I now begin to make, for one  
 Least lo of Thine, half restitution?  
 Al ! I c not pay a jot, therefore  
 I'll kiss the tally, and confess the score  
 Ten thousand talents lent me, Thou dost write,  
 'Tis true, y God, but I c 't pay one mite

*Tally,* e record of his score or debt

## 104 TO HIS DEAR GOD

I'LL hope no more  
 For things that will not come,  
 And if they do, they prove but cumbersome  
 Wealth brings much woe,  
 And, since it fortunes so,  
 'Tis better to be poor  
 Than so t' abound  
 As to be drown'd  
 Or overwhelm'd with store

Pale care, avault!  
 I'll learn to be content  
 With that small stock Thy bounty gave or lent.  
 What may conduce  
 To my most healthful use,  
 Almighty God, me grant,  
 But that, or this,  
 That hurtful is,  
 Deny Thy suppliant

## 105 TO GOD HIS GOOD WILL

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,  
 O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the  
 deed  
 Where r s e wanting, or large bullocks' th hs,  
 There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice  
 Take then his vows, who, if he had it, would  
 Devote to Thee both incense, myrrh and gold  
 Upon altar rear'd by him, and crown'd  
 oth with the ruby, pearl, and diamond  
 VOL II I+

## NOBLE NUMBERS

## 106 ON HEAVEN

PERMIT mine eyes to see  
 Part, or the whole of Thee,  
 O happy place !  
 Where all have grace,  
 And garlands shar'd,  
 For their reward ,  
 Where each chaste soul  
 In long white stole,  
 And palms in hand,  
 Do ravish'd stand ,  
 So in a ring,  
 The praises sing  
 Of Three in One  
 That fill the Throne ,  
 While harps and viols then  
 To voices say, Amen

## 107 THE SUM AND THE SATISFACTION.

LAST night I drew up mine account,  
 And found my debits to amount  
 To such a height, as for to tell  
 How I should pay 's impossible.  
 Well, this I'll do my mighty score  
 Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before ,  
 But therewithal I'll bring the band  
 Which, in full force, did daring stand

*Score*, debt or reckoning  
*Band*, bond.                      *Daring*, frightening

Till my Redeemer, on the tree,  
 Made void for millions, as for me  
 Then, if thou bidst me pay, or go  
 Unto the prison, I'll say, no,  
 Christ having paid, I nothing owe  
 For, this is sure, the debt is dead  
 By law, the bond once cancelled

108 GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth bring  
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing  
 With trials those, with terrors these He proves,  
 And hazards those most whom the most He loves,  
 For Sceva, darts, for Cocles, dangers, thus  
 He finds a fire for mighty Mutius,  
 Death for stout Cato, and besides all these,  
 A poison, too, He has for Socrates,  
 Torments for high Attalus, and, with want,  
 Brings in Fabricius for a combatant  
 But bastard slips, and such as He dislikes,  
 He never brings them once to th' push of pikes

109 GOOD CHRISTIANS

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,  
 Till they be hid o'er with a wood of darts

110 THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE

WHEN man is punish'd, he is plagued still,  
 Not for the fault of nature, but of will



## III TO HEAVEN

OPEN thy gates  
To him, who weeping waits,  
And might come in,  
But that held back by sin  
Let mercy be  
So kind to set me free,  
And I will straight  
Come in, or force the gate

## II2 THE RECOMPENSE

ALL I have lost that could be rapt from me;  
And fare it well yet, Herrick, if so be  
Thy dearest Saviour renders thee but one  
Smile, that one smile's full restitution

## II3 TO GOD

PARDON me, God, once more I Thee entreat,  
That I have placed Thee in so mean a seat  
Where round about Thou seest but all things vain,  
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd and profane  
But as Heaven's public and immortal eye  
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby,  
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,  
But take no tincture from my sinful book  
Let but one beam of glory on it shine,  
And that will make me and my work divine

## 114 TO GOD

LORD, I am like to mistletoe,  
Which has no root and cannot grow  
Or prosper but by that same tree  
It clings about, so I by Thee  
What need I then to fear at all,  
So long as I about Thee crawl?  
But if that tree should fall and die,  
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I

## 115 HIS WISH TO GOD

I WOULD to God that mine old age might have  
Before my rest, but here a living grave,  
Some one poor almshouse there to lie, or stir  
Ghostlike, as in my meaner sepulchre,  
A little piggin and a wooden box,  
To hold things fitting my necessity,  
Which rightly used, both in their time and place,  
Might excite to fore and after grace  
Thy Cross my Christ fixed 'fore mine eyes should be,  
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee  
So, here the remnant of my days I'd spend,  
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book so end

## 116 SATAN

WHEN we gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more  
He tears and tugs us than he did before  
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those  
Whom ease makes his without the help of blows

*Piggin*, a small wooden vessel.

## 117 HELL

HELL is no other but a soundless pit,  
Where no one be of comfort peeps in it.

## 118 THE WAY

WHEN I a ship see on the seas,  
Cuff'd with those wat'ry savages,  
And therewithal behold it hath  
In all that way no beaten path,  
Then, with a wonder, I confess  
Thou art our way i' th' wilderness  
And while we blunder in the dark,  
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

## 119 GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY

THE less our sorrows here and sufferings cease,  
The more our owns of glory there increase

## 120 HELL

HELL is the place where whipping cheer abounds,  
ut ne one jailer there to wash the wounds

## 121 THE BELLMAN

ALONG the dark d silent night,  
With y l tern and y li ht, c

And the tinkling of my bell.  
Thus I walk, and thus I tell  
Death and dreadfulness call on  
To the gen'ral session,  
To whose dismal bar we there  
All accounts must come to clear  
Scores of sins we have made here many,  
Wip'd out few, God knows, if any  
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall  
To make payment while I call  
Ponder this, when I am gone,  
By the clock 'tis almost one

## 122 THE GOODNESS OF HIS GOD

WHEN winds and seas do rage  
And threaten to undo me,  
Thou dost their wrath assuage  
If I but call unto Thee

A mighty storm last night  
Did seek my soul to swallow,  
But by the peep of light  
A gentle calm did follow

What need I then despair,  
Though ill's stand round about me,  
Since mischiefs neither dare  
To bark or bite without Thee?

## 123 THE WIDOWS' TEARS OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS

COME pity us, all ye who see  
 Our harps hung on the willow tree  
 Come pity us, ye passers-by  
 Who see or hear poor widows cry  
 Come pity us, and bring your ears  
 And eyes to pity widows' tears

*Chor* And when you are come hither  
                   Then we will keep  
                   A fast, and weep  
 Our eyes out altogether

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,  
 Clean washed, and laid out for the bier,  
 O modest matrons, weep and wail !  
 For now the corn and wine must fail  
 The basket and the bin of bread,  
 Wherewith so many souls were fed,

*Chor* Still empty here for ever  
                   And ah ! the poor  
                   At thy worn door  
 Shall be relieved never

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day  
 That 'reaved us of thee, Tabitha !  
 For we have lost with thee the meal,  
 The bits, the morsels, and the deal  
 Of gentle paste and yielding dough  
 That thou on widows did'st bestow

*Deal*, portion.

*Chor* All's gone, and death hath taken  
                   Away from us  
                   Our maundy, thus  
 Thy widows stand forsaken

'h, Dorcas, Dore ! now adieu  
 We bid the cruse and panner too.  
 And the flesh, for and the fish  
 Doled to us in that lordly dish  
 We take our leaves now of the loom  
 From whence the housewives' cloth did come

*Chor* The web affords now nothing,  
                   Thou being dead,  
                   The worsted thread  
 Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the flax and reaming wool  
 With which thy house was plentiful,  
 Farewell the coats, the garments, and  
 The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand,  
 Farewell thy fire and thy light  
 That ne'er went out by day or night.

*Chor* O, or thy zeal so speedy,  
                   That found a way  
                   By peep of day,  
 To feed and cloth the needy

ut, ah, alas ! the almond bough  
 And olive branch is withered now

*Maundy*, the alms given on Thursday in Holy Week.  
*Reaming*, drawing out into threads

The wine press now is ta'en from us,  
The saffron and the calamus  
The spice and spikenard hence is gone,  
The storax and the cinnamon

*Chor* The carol of our gladness  
Has taken wing,  
And our late spring  
Of mirth is turned to sadness

How wise wast thou in all thy ways!  
How worthy of respect and praise!  
How matron-like didst thou go dressed!  
How soberly above the rest  
Of those that prank it with their plumes,  
And jet it with their choice perfumes!

*Chor.* Thy vestures were not flowing  
Nor did the street  
Accuse thy feer  
Of mincing in their going

And though thou here li'st dead, we see  
A deal of beauty yet in thee  
How sweetly shows thy smiling face,  
Thy lips with all-diffused grace!  
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotless white,  
And comely as the chrysolite!

*Chor* Thy belly like a hill is,  
Or as a neat  
Clean heap of wheat,  
All set about with lilies

*Calamus*, a fragrant plant, the sweet flag  
*Chrysolite*, the topaz

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
Will show these garments made by thee,  
These were the coats, in these are read  
The monuments of Dorcas dead  
These were thy acts, and thou shalt have  
These hung as honours o'er thy grave,

*Chor.* And after us, distressed

Shou'd fame be dumb,

Thy very tomb

Would cry out Thou art blessed

124 TO GOD IN TIME OF LONDLING.

What has yet took nought from me  
But if it please my God I be  
Brought at the last to th' utmost list,  
God make me thankful still for it  
I have been grateful for my store  
Let me say grace when there's no more

125 TO HIS PATRON THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT

Thou little pretty bleeding part

Of foreskin send to me

And I'll return a bleeding heart

For New-Year's gift to Thee

Rich is the gem that Thou did'st send,

Mine's faulty too and small,

But yet this gift Thou wilt commend

Because I send Thee all



## 126 DOOMSDAY

LET not that day God's friends and servants scare,  
The bench is then their place, and not the bar

## 127 THE POOR'S PORTION

THE sup'rabundance of my store,  
That is the portion of the poor  
Wheat, barley, rye, or oats, what is't  
    ut e takes toll of? all the grist  
Two raiments have I Christ then mak  
This law, that He d I part stakes  
Or have I two loaves, then I use  
The poor to cut, and I to choose

## 128 THE WHITE ISLAND OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST.

IN this world, the isle of drear s,  
While we sit by sorrow's streams,  
Tears and terrors are our themes  
    Reciting

ut when once from hence we fly,  
ore and more approaching nigh  
Unto young ternity  
    Unitin

In that whiter island, where  
Things are evermore sincere,  
C dour here, d lustre there  
    Delighting

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of hell an horror call,  
To create, or cause at all,  
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep  
We our eyes shall never steep,  
But eternal watch shall keep,  
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue  
Me immortalised, and you,  
And fresh joys, as never to  
Have ending

## 129 TO CHRIST

I crawl, I creep, my Christ, I come  
To Thee for curing balsamum  
Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the tree  
Affording salve of sovereignty  
My mouth I'll lay unto Thy wound  
Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground.  
For, rather than one drop shall fall  
To waste, my JESU, I'll take all

## 130 TO GOD.

God! to my little meal and oil  
Add but a bit of flesh to boil  
And Thou my pipkinet shalt see,  
Give a wave off'ring unto Thee

*NOBLE NUMBERS*

131 F E WELCOME

God He refuseth no man, but makes way  
For all that now come or hereaft y.

132 GOD'S GRACE

God's grace deserves here to be daily fed  
That, thus increased, it might be perfected

133 COMING TO CHRIST

To him who longs unto his Christ to go,  
Celerity even itself is slow

134 CORRECTION

God had but one Son free from sin, but none  
Of all is none free from correction.

135 GOD'S BO TY

God, as He's potent, so He's like to be known  
To give more than hope can fix upon

136 KNOWLEDGE

Science in God is known to be  
A substance, not a quality

## 137 SALUTATION

CHRIST, I have read, did to His chaplains say,  
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way:  
Not that He taught His ministers to be  
Unsmooth or sour to all civility,  
But to instruct them to avoid all snares  
Of tardidation in the Lord's affairs  
Manners are good, but till His errand ends,  
Salute we must nor strangers, kin, or friends.

## 138 LASCIVIOUSNESS

LASCIVIOUSNESS is known to be  
The sister to saturity

## 139 TEARS

God from our eyes all tears hereafter wipes,  
And gives His children kisses then, not stripes.

## 140 GOD'S BLESSING.

In vain our labours are whatsoe'er they be,  
Unless God gives the benedicite.

## 141 GOD, AND LORD

GOD is His name of nature, but that word  
Implies His power when He's called the LORD

*Tardidation, sloth*

## 142 THE JUDGMENT-DAY

God hides from man the reck'ning day, that he  
 May fear it ever for uncertainty,  
 That being ignorant of that one, he may  
 Expect the coming of it every day

## 143 ANGELS

ANGELS are called gods, yet of them, none  
 Are gods but by participation  
 As just men are entitled gods, yet none  
 Are gods of them but by adoption

## 144 LONG LIFE

THE longer thread of life we spin,  
 The more occasion still to sin.

## 145 TEARS

THE tears of saints more sweet by far  
 Than all the songs of sinners are

## 146 MANNA

THAT manna, which God on His people cast,  
 Fitted itself to ev'ry feeder's taste

## 147 REVERENCE

TRUE reverence is, as Cassiodore doth prove,  
 The fear of God commix'd with cleanly love

*Cassiodore*, Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus, the  
 Italian statesman 497-575?)

148 MERCY

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be  
Not affection, but a deity.

149 WAGES

AFTER this life, the wages shall  
Not shared alike be unto all

150 TEMPTATION

God tempteth no one, as St Austin saith,  
For any ill, but for the proof of faith  
Unto temptation God exposeth some,  
But none of purpose to be overcome

151 GOD'S HANDS

God's hands are round and smooth, that gifts may  
fall  
freely from them and hold none back at all

152 LABOUR

LABOUR we must, and labour  
I' th' for here, or vineyard.

153 MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

THE time the bridegroom stays from hence  
Is but the time of penitence  
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## 154 ROARING

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part  
Forced from the mighty dolour of the heart.

## 155 THE EUCHARIST

*He that is hurt seeks help* sin is the wound;  
The salve for this i' th' Eucharist is found

## 156 SIN SEVERELY PUNISHED

God in His own day will be then severe  
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here

157 MONTES SCRIPTURARUM THE MOUNTS OF THE  
SCRIPTURES

THE mountains of the Scriptures are, some say,  
Moses and Jesus, called Joshua  
The prophets, mountains of the Old are meant,  
The apostles, mounts of the New Testament.

## 158 PRAYER

A PRAYER that is said alone  
Starves, having no companion  
Great things ask for when thou dost pray,  
And those great ~~e~~ which ne'er decay.  
Pray not for silver, rust eats th s,  
Ask not for gold, which metal is,  
Nor yet for houses, which are here  
ut e th *such vows ne'er reach God's ear*

## 159 CHRIST'S SADNESS

CHRIST was not sad, i' th' garden, for His own  
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

## 160 GOD HEARS US

GOD, who's in heaven, will hear from thence,  
If not to th' sound, yet to the sense

## 161 GOD

GOD, as the learned Damascene doth write  
A sea of substance is, indefinite

## 162 CLOUDS

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come  
In clouds descending to the public doom

## 163 COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS

THE same who crowns the conqueror, will be  
A coadjutor in the agony

## 164 HEAVEN

HEAVEN is most fair, but fair He  
That made that fairest copy.

## 165 GOD

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be  
Even God Himself, in perfect entity

*The learned Damascene, i e, St John of D*



## 166 HIS POWER

GOD can do all things, save but what are known  
For to imply a contradiction

167 CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSS MY GOD, MY  
GOD

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadful cross upon,  
Had, as it were, a dereliction  
In this regard, in those great terrors He  
Had no one beam from God's sweet majesty

## 168 JEHOVAH

JEHOVAH, as Boetius saith,  
No number of the plural hath

## 169 CONFUSION OF FACE

GOD then confounds man's face when He not bears  
The vows of those who are petitioners

## 170 ANOTHER.

THE shame of man's face is no more  
Than prayers repell'd, says Cassiodore

## 171 BEGGARS

JACOB God's beggar was, and so we wait,  
Though ne'er so rich, all beggars at His gate.

*Dereliction*, abandonment.

## 172 GOOD AND BAD

THE bad among the good are here mix'd ever,  
The good without the bad are here plac'd ne'er.

## 173 SIN

*Sin no existence, nat'ra no eist'ath,*  
*Or good at all, as learned Aquinas saith.*

## 174 MARTHA, MARTHA

THE repetition of the name mad. Martha  
No other than Christ's full attention

## 175 YOUTH AND AGE.

GOD on our youth bestows but little ease,  
But on our age most sweet indulgences

## 176 GOD'S POWER

GOD is so potent, as His power can  
Draw out of bad a sovereign good to man

## 177 PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather,  
*A choir of bless'd souls circling in the Father.*

## 178 OBSERVATION

THE Jews, when they built houses, I have read,  
One part thereof left still unfinished,  
To make them thereby mindful of their own  
City's most sad and dire destruction

## 179 THE ASS

GOD did forbid the Israelites to bring  
An ass unto Him for an offering,  
Only, by this dull creature, to express  
His detestation to all slothfulness

## 180 OBSERVATION

THE Virgin Mother stood at distance, 'here,  
From her Son's cross, not shedding once a tear,  
Because the law forbade to sit and cry  
For those who did as malefactors die  
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe  
Tortured her love not to transgress the law  
Observe we may, how Mary Joses then,  
And th' other Mary Mary Magdalen,  
Sat by the grave, and sadly sitting there,  
Shed for their Master many a bitter tear,  
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead  
And then to weep they both were licensed

## 181 TAPERS

THOSE tapers which we set upon the grave  
In fun'ral pomp, but this importance have

That souls departed are not put out quite,  
But as they walked here in their vestures white,  
So live in heaven in everlasting light

182 CHRIST'S BIRTH

ONE birth our Saviour had, the like none yet  
Was, or will be a second like to it

183 THE VIRGIN MARY

To work a wonder, God would have her shown  
At once a bud and yet a rose full-blown

184 ANOTHER

As sunbeams pierce the glass, and streaming in,  
No crack or schism leave i' th' subtle skin  
So the Divine Hand worked and brake no thread,  
But, in a mother, kept a maidenhead

185 GOD

God, in the holy tongue, they call  
The place that filleth all in all

186 ANOTHER OF GOD

God's said to leave this place, and for to come  
Nearer to that place than to other some,  
Of local motion, in no least respect,  
But only by impression of effect

## 187 ANOTHER

GOD is Jehovah call'd which name of His  
Implies or Essence, or the He that Is

## I GOD'S PRESENCE

GOD's evident, and may be said to be  
Present with just men, to the verity,  
ut with the wicked if He doth comply,  
'Tis, as t Bernard saith, but seemingly

## 189 GOD'S DWELLING

GOD's said to dwell there, wheresoever He  
Puts down some prints of His high ajesty,  
As when to man He comes, and there doth place  
is oly Spirit, or doth plant His Grace

## 190 THE VIRGIN MARY

THE Virgin Mary was, as I have read,  
The House of God, by Christ inhabited,  
Into the which He entered, but, the door  
Once shut, w never to be open'd more

## 191. TO GOD

GOD's undivided, One in Persons Three,  
And Three in inconfused unity  
Original of ssence there is none,  
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and on  
And though the Father be the first of Three,  
'Tis but by order, not by entity

192 UPON WOMAN AND MARY

So long, it seem'd, as Mary's faith was smail,  
Christ did her woman, not her Mary call  
    ut no more woman, being strong in fa th,  
ut Mary call'd th , as St Ambrose saith

193 NORTH AND SOUTH

THE Jews their beds and offices of ease,  
Placed north and south for th e clear rurs s,  
That man's uncomer froth might not molest  
God's ways     d walls which he stil' east and west

194 SABBATHS

SABBATHS are threefold, as St Austin savy  
The first of ti e, or Sabbath here of days,  
The second is a conscience tresp s free,  
The l     the Sabbath of Eternity

195 THE FAST, OR LENT

NOAH the first was, as tradition says,  
That d'd ordain the fast of forty days

196 SIN

THERE is no evil that we do commit,  
    ut hath th' extraction of some good from it  
As when we sin, God, the great Chemist, thence  
Draws out th' elixir of true penitence

## 197 GOD

GOD is more here th    in another place,  
Not by His essence, but commerce of grace

## 198 THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD

GOD hath this world for many made, 'tis true '  
ut He hath made the World to Come for few

## 199 EASE.

GOD gives to none so absolute an ease  
As not to know or feel some grievances.

## 200 BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well,  
Judas began well, but he foully fell "  
In godliness not the beginnings so  
Much    the ends are to be look'd unto

## 201 TEMPORAL GOODS

THESE te poral goods God, the most wise, com-  
mends  
To th' good and bad in common for two ends  
First, that these goods none here may o'er-estee  
ecause the    cked do partake of them ,  
Next, that these ils none cowardly may shun,  
Being, oft here, the just man's portion ,

202 HELL FIRE

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath,  
To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith

203 ABEL'S BLOOD

SPEAK, did the blood of Abel cry  
To God for vengeance? Yes, say I,  
Even as the sprinkled blood called on  
God for an expiation.

204 ANOTHER

THE blood of Abel was a thing  
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,  
As that the old world thought it fit  
Especially to swear by it

205 A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY

ONE man repentant is of more esteem  
With God, than one that never sinned against Him

206 PENITENCE

THE doctors, in the Talmud, say,  
That in this world one only day  
In true repentance spent will be  
More worth than heaven's eternity



## 207 GOD'S PRESENCE

God's present everywhere, but most of all  
 Present by union hypostatical  
 God, He is there, where's nothing else, schools say,  
 And nothing else is there where He's away

## 208 THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

For each one body that i' th' earth is sown,  
 There's     uprising but of one for one,  
 But for each grain that in the ground is thrown,  
 Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for one  
 So that the wonder is not half so great  
 Of o's as is the rising of the wheat

## 209 CHRIST'S SUFFERING

JUSTLY our debt Saviour may atone for us,  
 Who hath more suffered by us far, than for us.

## 210 SINNERS

SINNERS conformed are a twofold way,  
 Either as when, the learned schoolmen say,  
     men's sins destroyed when they repent,  
 Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment

## 211 TEMPTATIONS

No man is tempted so but may overcome,  
 If that he has a will to overcome

*Hypostatical*, personal.

212 PITY AND PUNISHMENT

God doth embrace the good with love, and gains  
The good by mercy, the bad by pains

213 GOD'S PRICE AND MAN'S PRICE

God bought man here with His heart's blood  
expense,  
And sold God here for base thirty pence.

214 CHRIST'S ACTION

CHRIST never did so great a work but there  
His human nature did in part appear,  
Or ne'er so meagre a piece but men might see  
Therein some beams of His Divinity  
So that in all He did there did combine  
His human nature and His part divine

215 PREDESTINATION

PREDESTINATION is the cause alone  
Of every standing, but of fall to none.

216 ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd? then thou haste go on  
To make thy fair predestination  
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please  
To change, or call back, His patient care

## 217 SIN

SIN never slew a soul unless there went  
Along with it some tempting blandishment

## 218 ANOTHER

SIN is an act so free, that if we shal,  
Say 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all

## 219 ANOTHER

SIN is the cause of death, and sin's alone  
The cause of God's predestination  
And from God's prescience of man's sin doth flow  
O destination to eternal woe

## 220 PRESCIENCE

God's prescience makes none sinful, but th' offence  
Of man's the chief cause of God's prescience

## 221 CHRIST

To all o' wounds here, whatsoe'er they be,  
Christ is the one sufficient remedy

## 222 CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on Him, not that He  
'Bove all things loved it for the purity  
No, but He dress'd Him with our human trim,  
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him

223 HEAVEN

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here,  
Yet it is given to the labourer

224 GOD'S KEYS

God has four keys, which He reserves alone  
The first of rain, the key of hell next known,  
With the third key He opes and shuts the womb,  
And with the fourth key he unlocks the tomb.

225 SIN

THERE'S no constraint to do ami-  
Wher but one enforcement s

226 ALMS

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,  
May chance to be no oth- m but Christ.

227 HELL FIRE

ONE only fire has hell, but yet it shall  
Not after one sort there excruciate all  
ut look, how each transgressor onward t  
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

## 228 TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep  
     The fatter lean?  
                     And clean  
 From fat of veals and sheep?  
 Is it to quit the dish  
     Of flesh, yet still  
                     To fill  
 The platter high with fish?  
 Is it to fast an hour,  
     Or ragged to go,  
                     Or show  
 A downcast look and sour?  
 No, 'tis a fast to dole  
     Thy sheaf of wheat,  
                     And meat,  
 Unto the hungry soul  
 It is to fast from strife,  
     From old debate  
                     And hate;  
 To circumcise thy life  
 To show a heart grief-rent;  
     To starve thy sin,  
                     Not bin,  
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

## 229 NO TIME IN ETERNITY.

My hours we all live here, in heaven is known  
 No spring of time, or time's succession

## 230 HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH

E those few hours, which I have yet to spend,  
 Blest with the meditation of my end  
 Though they be few in number, I' con nt:  
 If othe , I stand indiffer t  
 Nor mak it matter Nestor's years to tell,  
 If man liv long and if he live not well.  
 A multitude of days stul heaped on,  
 Seldom brings order, but confusion  
 Might I make cho ce, long life should be withstood,  
 Nor would I care how snort it were, if good  
 Which to effect, let ev'ry passing bell  
 Possess my thoughts, "Next comes my doleful kn ";  
 And when the nigh<sup>t</sup> persuades me to my bed,  
 I'll think I'm going to be buried  
 So shall the blankets which come over e  
 Pre nt those turfs which once must cover  
 And with frm<sup>e</sup> behavio I will m t  
 The sheet I sleep in my winding sheet  
 When sleep shall bathe his body in 'ne ey ,  
 I will believe that ther y body dies  
 And if I chance to wake and rise thereon,  
 I'll have in ind my resurrection  
 Which must produce me to that General Doom,  
 To which the peasant, so the prince, must come,  
 To hear the Judge give sentence on the throne,  
 Without the least hope of affection  
 Tears, at that day, shall make but weak defence,  
 When hell d horror fright the nscience  
 Let me, though late, y at the l t, begin

*Affection, partiality*

To shun the least temptation to a sin ,  
 Though to be tempted be no sin, until  
     an to th' alluring object gives his will  
 Such let my life assure me, when my breath  
 Goes thieving from me, I am safe in death ,  
 Which is the height of comfort when I fall,  
 I rise triumphant in my funeral

231 CLOTHES FOR CONTINUANCE  
 THOSE garments lasting evermore,  
 Are works of mercy to the poor,  
 Which neither tetter, time, or moth  
 Shall fray that silk or fret this cloth

232 TO GOD  
 COME to me, God , but do not come  
 To me as to the General Door  
 In power , or come Thou in that state  
 When Thou Thy laws did'st promulgate,  
 Whenas the mountain quaked for dread,  
 And sullen clouds bound up his head  
 No , lay Thy stately terrors by  
 To talk with me familiarly ,  
 For if Thy thunder-claps I hear,  
 I shall less swoon than die for fear.  
     speak Thou of love and I'll reply  
     y way of Epithalmy,  
 Or sing of mercy and I'll suit  
 To it my viol and my lute ,  
 Thus let Thy lips but love distil,  
 Then come, my God, and hap what will,

*Tetter, scab*  
*Mountain, orig ed mournains*

233 THE SOUL.

WHEN once the soul has lost her way,  
O then how restless does she stray !  
And having not her God for light,  
How does she err in endless night !

234 THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

IN doing justice God shall then be known,  
Who showing mercy here, will punish, or none

235 SUFFERING.

WE mortal we suffer, and by far  
More stripes than God lays on the sufferer

236 PAIN AND PLEASURE

GOD suffers not His saints and servants de  
To have continual pain or pleasure here,  
But look how night succeeds the day so He  
Gives them by turns their grief and jollity

237 GOD'S PRESENCE

GOD is all-present to whate'er we do,  
And as all-present, so all-filling to

238 ANOTHER

THAT there's a God we all do know,  
But what God is we cannot show



## 239 THE POOR MAN'S PART.

TELL me, rich man, for what intent  
 Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?  
 When the poor cry out To us  
 elongs a gold superfluous

## 240 THE RIGHT HAND

GOD has a right hand, but is quite bereft  
 Of that which we do nominate the left

## 241 THE STAFF AND ROD

Two instruments belong unto our God  
 The one a staff is and the next a rod,  
 That if the twig should chance too much to sm  
 The staff might come to play the friendly part

## 242 D S P I IN SCOURGING.

OD still rewards us more than our desert,  
 but when He strikes, He quarter-acts His part

## 243 CONFESSION

CONFESSION twofold is, as Austin says,  
 The first of sin, and the second of prayer  
 If ill it giveth thee, thy faults confess.  
 If well, then chant God's praise with cheerful

## 244 GOD'S DESCENT

God is then said for to descend, when He  
Doth here on earth some thing of novelty,  
As when in human nature    e works m    e  
Th    ever yet the like w    done before

## 245 NO COMING TO GOD VTHOUT CHRIST

Good and gr    t God! how should I fear  
To come to Thee if Christ not there!  
Could I but think He would not be  
Present to plead my cause for me,  
To hell I'd rather run than I  
Would see Thy face and He not by

## 246 ANOTHER TO GOD

THOUGH Thou be'st all that active love  
Which heats those ravished souls above,  
And though all joys spring from the gl    ce  
Of Thy most winning countenance,  
Yet ur    d grim Thou dst    em to    e  
If through my Christ I    w not Thee

## 247 THE RESURRECTION

THAT Ch    t did die, the pag    saith,  
ut that He r    , that's Christians' faith

## 248 CO-HEIRS

WE are co-heirs with Christ, nor shall His own  
Heirship be less by our adoption  
The number here of heirs shall from the state  
Of His great birthright nothing derogate

## 249 THE NUMBER OF TWO

GOD hates the dual number, being known  
The luckless number of division,  
And when He bless'd each sev'ral day whereon  
He did His curious operation,  
'Tis never read there, as the fathers say,  
God bless'd His work done on the second day,  
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,  
Or by ourselves, or from the pulpit read

## 250 HARDENING OF HEARTS

GOD's said our hearts to harden then,  
Whenas His grace not supple men

## 251 THE ROSE

BEFORE man's fall the rose was born,  
St Ambrose says, without the thorn,  
But for man's fault then was the thorn  
Without the fragrant rose bud born,  
But ne'er the rose without the thorn.

252 GOD'S TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE

GOD doth not promise here to man that He  
Will free him quickly from his misery,  
But in His own time and when He thinks fit,  
Then He will give a happy end to it.

253 BAPTISM

THE strength of baptism that's within,  
It saves the soul by drowning sin

254 GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE

GOLD serves for tribute to the king  
The frankincense for God's offering

255 GOD'S GIFT

GOD, who me gives a will for to repent,  
Will add a power to keep me innocent,  
That I shall ne'er that trespass recommitt  
When I have done true penance here for it

256 THE CHEWING THE CUD

WHEN well we speak and nothing do that's good,  
We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud

ut when ood words by good works have their  
proof,  
We then both chew the cud and cleave the hoof.

## 257 CHRIST'S TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure  
My soul's most desp'rate calenture,  
Thy second advent, that must be  
To heal my earth's infirmity.

## 258 TO GOD, HIS GIFT.

As my little pot doth boil,  
We will keep this level-coil,  
That a wave-and I will bring  
To y God a heave-offering

## 259 GOD'S ANGER

OD can't be wrathful but we may conclude  
Wrathful He may be by similitude  
od's athful said to be, when e doth do  
That without wratn which wrath doth force us to

## 260 GOD'S COMMANDS.

IN GOD's co ands ne'er ask the reason why;  
L thy obedience be the best reply

Calent e, irum caused by ive h t  
I l-coil, the old Christmas game of ch ng chai  
"keep level-coil ' m to ch ge about,

## 261 TO GOD.

IF I have played the truant, or have here  
 Fail in y part, oh! Thou that art my dear,  
 y m , y loving tutor, Lord d God!  
 Corre my errors gently with Thy rod  
 I know that faults will many here be found,  
 ut where sin swells there let Thy grace abound.

## 262 TO GOD

THE work is done, now let my laurel be  
 Given by none but by Thyself to me  
 That done wth honour Thou dost me create  
 Thy poet, d Thy prophet Laureate

3 G OD FRIDAY REY TRAGICUS, OR, CHRIST  
 GOING TO HIS CROSS

Put off Thy robe of purple, then go on  
 To the sad place of execution  
 Thine ho is come, and the tormentor stands  
 Ready to p ce Thy tender feet d hands  
 Long before this, the b e, the dull, the rude,  
 Th' inconstant and unpurged ultitude  
 Ya for Thy coming, some e this time cry,  
 o He defers, how loath e to die!  
 A ng this a , the soldier with his sp  
 And that sour fellow with his vineg ,

His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost stay,  
So do the scurf and brian too    Go Thy way,  
Thy way, Thou guiltless man, and satisfy  
By Thine approach each their beholding eye  
Not as a thief shalt Thou ascend the mount,  
But like a person of some high account,  
The Cross shall be Thy stage, and Thou shalt there  
The spacious field have for Thy theatre  
Thou art that Roscius and that marked out man  
That must this day act the tragedian  
To wonder and affrightment    Thou art He  
Whom all the flux of nations comes to see,  
Not those poor thieves that act their parts with  
Thee,

Those act without regard, when once a king  
And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering  
No, no, this scene from Thee takes life, and sense,  
And soul, and spirit, plot and excellence  
Why then, begin, great King! ascend Thy throne,  
And thence proceed to act Thy Passion  
To such an height, to such a period raised,  
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand amazed  
God and good angels guide Thee, and so bless  
Thee in Thy several parts of bitterness,  
That those who see Thee nail'd unto the tree  
May, though they scorn Thee, praise and pity Thee  
And we, Thy lovers, while we see Thee keep  
The laws of action, will both sigh and weep,  
And bring our spices to embalm Thee dead,  
That done, we'll see Thee sweetly buried

*Scurf and bran, the rabble*

264 HIS WORDS TO CHRIST GOING TO THE CROSS

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,  
All Thy disciples Thee forsook and fled.  
Let their example not a pattern be  
For me to fly, but now to follow Thee.

265 ANOTHER TO HIS SAVIOUR

IF Thou be'st taken, God forbid  
I fly from Thee, as others did  
But if Thou wilt so honour me  
As to accept my company,  
I'll follow Thee, nup hap what s' all,  
Both to the judge and judgment hall  
And, if I see thee posted there,  
To be a prey to whomever pleases  
I'll take my share or else in God  
Thy stripes I'll bear, or burn the rod

266 HIS SAVIOUR'S WORDS GOING TO THE CROSS

HAVE, have ye no regard all ye  
Who pass this way, to pity Me  
Who am a man of misery!

A man both bruised, and broke, and one  
Who suffers not here for Mine own,  
But for My friends transgression!



Ah! Sion's daughters, do not fear  
 The cross, the cords, the nails, the spear,  
 The myrrh, the gall, the vinegar,

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath  
 Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath,  
 Only there's left a little froth,

Less for to taste than for to show  
 What bitter cups had been your due,  
 Had He not drank them up for you

267 HIS ANTHEM TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,  
 With one and all parts full of pain  
 When I Thy gentle heart do see  
 Pierced through and dropping blood  
                   for me,  
 I'll call, and cry out, thanks to Thee

*Vers* But yet it wounds my soul to think  
 That for my sin Thou, Thou must  
                   drink,  
 Even Thou alone, the bitter cup  
 Of fury and of vengeance up

*Chor* Lord, I'll not see Thee to drink all  
 The vinegar, the myrrh, the gall

*Vers Chor* But I will sip a little wine,  
 Which done, Lord, say The rest is Mine

268

This crosstree here  
 Doth Jesus bear,  
 Who sweet ned first  
 The death accurs d

HERE all things ready are, make haste, make haste away,  
 For long this work will be, and very short this day  
 Why then, go on to act here's wonders to be done  
 Before the last least sand of Thy ninth hour be run,  
 Or ere dark clouds do dull or dead the mid-day's sun

Act when Thou wilt,  
 Blood will be spilt,  
 Pure balm that shall  
 Bring health to all  
 Why then begin  
 To pour first in  
 Some drops of wine,  
 Instead of brine,  
 To search the wound  
 So long unbound  
 And, when that's done  
 Let oil next run  
 To cure the sore  
 Sin's trade be o'er  
 And O! dear Lord's  
 Run as Thou wilt  
 Lock down and seal  
 Us weep for Thee  
 And tho, love knows  
 Thy dreadful woes  
 We cannot ease  
 Yet do Thou please,  
 Who mercy art,  
 To accept each near  
 That gladly would  
 Help if it could  
 Meanwhile let me,  
 Beneath this tree,  
 In this honour have,  
 To make my grave

## 269 TO HIS SAVIOUR'S SEPULCHRE HIS DEVOTION

HAIL, holy and all honour'd tomb,  
By no ill haunted, here I come,  
With shoes put off, to tread thy room  
I'll not profane by soil of sin  
Thy door as I do enter in,  
For I have washed both hand and heart,  
This, that, and every other part,  
So that I dare, with less fear  
Than full affection, enter here  
Thus, thus I come to kiss Thy stone  
With a warm lip and solemn one  
And as I kiss I'll here and there  
Dress Thee with flow'ry diaper  
How sweet this place is! as from hence  
Flowed all Panchara's frankincense,  
Or rich Arabia did commix,  
Here, all her rare aromatics  
Let me live ever here, and stir  
No one step from this sepulchre  
Ravish'd I am! and down I lie  
Confused in this brave ecstasy  
Here let me rest, and let me have  
This for my heaven that was Thy grave  
And, coveting no higher sphere,  
I'll my eternity spend here

*Panchara*, a fabulous spice island in the Erythraean Sea.

270 HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT THE  
SEPULCHRE

To join with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviour's sepulchre,  
Devotion bids me hither bring  
Somewhat for my thank offering  
Lo! thus I bring a virgin flower,  
To dress my Maiden Saviour

271 HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHRE

HENCE they have borne my Lord, behind the  
stone

Is rolled away and my sweet Saviour's gone  
Tell me, white angel what is now become  
Of Him we lately sealed up in this tomb?  
Is He from hence gone to the shades beneath,  
To varqu sh' hell as here He conquered death?  
If so, I'll th' tier follow without fear,  
And live in hell if that my Cr st stay there

Of all the good things whatsoever we do  
God is for APAR and the TEAOZ too



## POEMS

### NOT INCLUDED IN *HESPERIDES*

#### THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN

WHOSE head, befringed with bescattered tresses,  
Shows like Apollo's when the morn he dresses,\*  
Or like Aurora when with pearl she sets  
Her long, dishevell'd, rose crown'd tresses  
Her forehead smooth, full, polish'd, bright and nigh  
Beats in itself a graceful majesty,  
Under the which two crawling eyebrows twine  
Like to the tendrils of a flatter'ing vine,  
Under whose shade two starry sparkling eyes  
Are beautified with fair fringed canopies  
Her comely nose, with uniform grace,  
Like purest white, stands in the middle place,  
Parting the pair, as we may well suppose  
Each cheek resembling still a damask rose  
Which like a garden manifestly show  
How roses, lilies, and carnations grow,  
Which sweetly mixed both with white and red,  
Like rose leaves, white and red, seem mingled

\* S. blesses

† MS. lye.

Then nature for a sweet allurements sets  
Two smelling, swelling, bashful cherrylets,  
The which with ruby redness being tipp'd,  
Do speak a virgin, merry, cherry-lipp'd  
Over the which a neat, sweet skin is drawn,  
Which makes them show like roses under lawn  
These be the ruby portals, and divine,  
Which ope themselves to show a holy shrine  
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense  
Smells like the burn'd Sabeian frankincense  
In which the tongue, though but a member small,  
Stands guarded with a rosy-hilly wall,  
And her white teeth, which in the gums are set  
Like pearl and gold, make one rich cabinet  
Next doth her chin with dimpled beauty strive  
For his white, plump, and smooth prerogative,  
At whose fair top, to please the sight, there grows  
The fairest \* image of a blushing rose,  
Mov'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,  
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss,  
Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd  
On either side, with rich rare jewels grac'd,  
Moving a question whether that by them  
The gem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the gem  
But the foundation of the architect  
Is the swan-staining, fair, rare, stately neck  
Which with ambitious humbleness stands under,  
Bearing aloft this rich, round world of wonder  
Her breast, a place for beauty's throne most fit,

\* MS blessed

Bears up two globes where love and pleasure sit,  
 Which, headed with two rich, round rubies, show  
 Like wan'on rosebuds growing out of snow,  
 And in the milky valley that's between  
 Sits Cupid, kissing of his n other queen,  
 Fingering the paps that feel like sieved silk  
 And press'd a little they will weep pure milk  
 Then comes the belly, seated next below,  
 Like a fair moun'tain in Rinean snow,  
 Where Nature in a whiteness without spot  
 Hath in the middle tied a Cord an knot  
 Now love invites me to sur've, her t'igh's,  
 Swelling in likeness like two crescent moons,  
 Which to the knees by Nature fasten'd on,  
 Derive their ever well 'greed motion  
 Her legs with two clear calves like silver trūd,  
 Kindly swell up with little p'etty pride,  
 Leaving a distance for the comely \* small  
 To beautify the leg and foot withal  
 Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet  
 Round, short and clear, like pound'd spices sweet,  
 And whatsoever thing they tread upon  
 They make it scent like braised cinnamon  
 The lovely shoulders now allure the eye  
 To see two tablets of pure ivory  
 From which two arms like branches seem to spread  
 With tender rind† and silver coloured  
 With little hands and fingers long and small  
 To grace a lute, a viol, virginal

\* MS *beauteous*† WR *ven'd*



In length each finger doth his next excel,  
 Each richly headed with a pearly shell  
 Thus every part in contrariety  
 Meet in the whole and make a harmony,  
 As divers strings do singly disagree,  
 But form'd by number make sweet melody

## MR HERRICK HIS DAUGHTER'S DOWRY.

ERE I go hence and be no more  
 Seen to the world, I'll give the score  
 I owe unto a female child,  
 And that is this, a verse enstiled  
 My daughter's dowry, having which,  
 I'll leave thee then completely rich  
 Instead of gold, pearl, rubies, bonds  
 Long forfeit, pawned diamonds,  
 Or antique pledges, house or land,  
 I give thee this that shall withstand  
 The blow of ruin and of chance  
 These hurt not thine inheritance,  
 For 'tis fee simple and no rent  
 Thou fortune ow'st for tenement  
 However after times will praise,  
 This portion, my prophetic bays,  
 Cannot deliver up to th' rust,  
 Yet I keep peaceful in my dust  
 As for thy birth and better seeds  
 (Those which must grow to virtuous deeds),  
 Thou didst derive from that old stem  
 (Love and mercy cherish them),

Which like a vestal virgin ply  
 With holy fire lest that it die  
 Grow up with mulder laws to know  
 At what time to say yee or no,  
 Let manners teach thee where to be  
 More comely flowing, where less free  
 These bring thy husband, like to those  
 Old coins and medals we expose  
 To th' show, but never part with  
 As in a more conspicuous sort  
 Thy forehead, let therein be  
 The maiden candour of thy morn  
 And under it to chaste horns  
 To bar out bold adulteries,  
 For through these optics fly the darts  
 Of lust which set on fire our hearts  
 On either side of these quick ears  
 There must be plac'd, for seasoned tears  
 Which sweeten love, yet ne'er come  
 The plague of wilder jealousy  
 Then let each cheek of thine attire  
 His soul as to a bed of spice  
 Where he may roll and lose his sense  
 As in a bed of frankincense  
 A lip enkindled with that coal  
 With which love chafes and warms  
 Bring to him next, and in it show  
 Love's cherries from such fires grow  
 And have their harvest, which must stand  
 The gathering of the lip, not hand,  
 Then unto these be it thy care

To clothe thy words in gentle air,  
 That smooth as oil, sweet, soft and clean  
 As is the childish bloom of bean,  
 They may fall down and stroke, as the  
 Beams of the sun the peaceful sea  
 With hands as smooth as mercy's bring  
 Him for his better cherishing,  
 That when thou dost his neck ensnare,  
 Or with thy wrist, or flattering hair,  
 He may, a prisoner, there descry  
 Bondage more loved than liberty  
 A nature so well formed, so wrought  
 To calm and tempest, let be brought  
 With thee, that should he but incline  
 To roughness, clasp him like a vine,  
 Or like as wool meets steel, give way  
 Unto the passion, not to stay,  
 Wrath, if resisted, over boils,  
 If not, it dies or else recoils  
 And lastly see you bring to him  
 Somewhat peculiar to each limb,  
 And I charge thee to be known  
 By n'other face but by thine own  
 Let it in love's name be kept sleek,  
 Yet to be found when he shall seek  
 It, and not instead of saint  
 Give up his worth unto the part,  
 For, trust me, girl, she over does  
 Who by a double proxy works  
 But lest I should forget his bed,  
 Be sure thou bring a maidenhead.

That is a margarite, which lost,  
 Thou bring'st unto his bed a frost  
 Or a cold poison, which his blood  
 Benumbs like the forgetful flood  
 Now for some jewels to supply  
 The want of earrings' bravery  
 For public eyes, take only these  
 Ne'er travelled for beyond the seas,  
 They're nobly home-bred, yet have price  
 Beyond the far fet merchandises  
 Obedience, wise distrust, peace, shy  
 Distance and sweet urbanity,  
 Safe modesty, lov'd patience, fear  
 Of offending, temperance, dear  
 Constancy bashfulness and all  
 The virtues less or cardinal,  
 Take with my blessing, and go forth  
 Enjewelled with thy native worth  
 And now if there a man be found  
 That looks for such prepared ground,  
 Let him, but with indifferent skill,  
 So good a soil bestock and till,  
 He may ere long have such a wife  
 Nourish in's breast a tree of life.

## MR ROBERT HERRICK HIS FAREWELL UNTO POETRY

I HAVE beheld two lovers in a night  
 Hatched o'er with moonshine from their stolen  
 delight  
 (When this to that and that to this, had given  
 A kiss to such a jewel of the heaven,

Or while that each from other's breath did drink  
Health to the rose, the violet, or pink),  
Call'd on the sudden by the jealous mother,  
Some stricter mistress or suspicious other,  
Urging divorcement (worse than death to these)  
By the soon jingling of some sleepy keys,  
Part with a hasty kiss, and in that show  
How stay they would, yet forced they are to go  
Even such are we, and in our parting do  
No otherwise than as those former two  
Natures like ours, we who have spent our time  
Both from the morning to the evening chime,  
Nay, till the bellman of the night had tolled  
Past noon of night, yet wear the hours not old  
Nor dulled with iron sleep, but have outworn  
The fresh and fairest flourish of the morn  
With flame and rapture, drinking to the odd  
Number of nine which makes us full with God,  
And in that mystic frenzy we have hurled,  
As with a tempest, nature through the world,  
And in a whirlwind twirl'd her home, aghast  
At that which in her ecstasy had past,  
Thus crowned with rosebuds, sack, thou mad'st me  
fly

Like fire-drakes, yet didst me no harm thereby  
O thou almighty nature, who didst give  
True heart wherewith humanity doth live  
Beyond its stinted circle, giving food,  
White fame and resurrection to the good,  
Shoring them up 'bove ruin till the doom,  
The general April of the world doth come

*Shoring, copies soaring*

That makes all equal    Many thousands should,  
Were't not for thee have crumbled into mould,  
And with their serecloths rotted    not to show  
Whether the world such spirits had or no,  
Whereas by thee those    d a million since,  
Nor fate, nor envy, can their fames convince  
Homer, Musæus, Ovid Maro more  
Of those godful prophets long before  
Held their eternal fires, and ours of late  
(Thy mercy helping) shall resist strong fate,  
Nor stoop to the centre but survive as long  
As fame or rumour hath or trumpet or tongue,  
But unto me be only hoarse, since now  
(Heaven and my soul bear record of my vow)  
I my desires screw from thee, and direct  
Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respect  
And conscience unto priesthood, 'tis not need  
(The scarecrow unto mankind) that doth breed  
Wiser conclusions in me, since I know  
I've more to bear my charge than way to go,  
Or had I not, I'd stop the spreading itch  
Of craving more, so in conceit be rich,  
But 'tis the God of Nature who intends  
And shapes my function for more glorious ends  
Kiss, so depart, yet stay a while to see  
The lines of sorrow that lie drawn in me  
In speech, in picture, no otherwise than when,  
Judgment and death denounced 'gainst guilty men,  
Each takes a weeping farewell, racked in mind  
With joys before and pleasures left behind,  
Shaking the head, whilst each to each doth mourn,

With thought they go whence they must ne'er return  
 So with like looks, as once the minstrel  
 Cast, leading his Eurydice through hell,  
 I strike thy love,      d greedily pursue  
 Thee with mine eyes or in or out of view  
 So looked the Grecian orator when sent  
 From's native country into banishment,  
 Throwing his eyeballs backward to survey  
 The smoke of his beloved Attica,  
 So Tully looked wh      from the breasts of Rome  
 The sad soul went, not with his love, but doom,  
 Shooting his eyedarts 'gainst it to surprise  
 It, or to draw the city to his eyes  
 Such is my parting with thee, and to prove  
 There was not varnish only in my love,  
 But substance, lo! I receive this pearly tear  
 Frozen with grief and place it in thine ear,  
 Then part in name of peace, and softly on  
 With numerous feet to hoofy Helicon,  
 And when thou art upon that forked hill  
 Amongst the thrice three sacred virgins, fill  
 A full-brimm'd bowl of fury and of rage,  
 And quaff it to the prophets of our age,  
 When drunk with rapture curse the blind and lame,  
     ase ballad-mongers who usurp thy name  
 And foul thy altar, ch      m some into frogs,  
 Some to be rats,      d others to be hogs,  
 Into the loathsom'st shapes thou c      st devise  
 To      ake fools hate them, only by disguise,  
 Thus with a kiss of warmth and love I part  
     ot      , but that some relic in my heart

Shall stand for ever, though I do address  
Chiefly myself to what I must profess  
Know yet, rare soul, when my diviner muse  
Shall want a handmaid (as she oft will use)  
Be ready, thou for me, to wait upon her,  
Though as a servant, yet a maid of honour  
The crown of duty is our duty well  
Doing's the fruit of doing well Farewell!

\* CAROL PRESENTED TO DR WILLIAMS, BISHOP OF  
LINCOLN AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT

FLY hence, pale care, no more remember  
Past sorrows with the fled December,  
But let each pleasant cheek appear  
Smooth as the childhood of the year,  
And sing a carol here  
'Twas brave, 'twas brave could we command the  
hand  
Of youth's swift watch to stand  
As you have done your day,  
Then should we not decay  
But all we wither, and our light  
Is spilt in everlasting night,  
Whenas your sight  
Shows like the heavens above the moon,  
Like an eternal noon  
That sees no setting sun  
  
Keep up those flames, and though you shroud  
Awhile your forehead in a cloud,



Do it like the sun to write  
In the air a greater text of light,  
Welcome to all our vows,  
And since you pay  
To us this day  
So long desir'd,  
See we have fir'd  
Our holy spikenard, and there's none  
But brings his stick of cinnamon,  
His eager eye or smoother smile,  
And lays it gently on the pile,  
Which thus enkindled, we invoke  
Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

*Chorus* Come then, great Lord,  
And see our altar burn  
With love of your return,  
And not a man here but consumes  
His soul to glad you in perfumes

SONG HIS MISTRESS TO HIM AT HIS FAREWELL

You may vow I'll not forget  
To pay the debt  
Which to thy memory stands as due  
As faith can seal it you,  
Take then tribute of my tears,  
So long as I have fears  
To prompt me I shall ever  
Languish and look, but thy return see never  
Oh then to lessen my despair

Print thy lips into the air,  
So by this  
Means I may kiss thy kiss  
Whenas some kind  
Wind  
Shall hither waft it, and in lieu  
My lips shall send a rooe back to you

## UPON PARTING

Go hence away, and in thy parting know  
'Tis not my voice but Heaven's that bids thee go,  
Spring hence thy faith, nor think it ill desert  
I find in thee that makes me thus to part  
But voice of fame, and voice of Heaven have thundered  
We both were lost, if both of us not sundered  
Fold now thine arms, and in thy last look rear  
One sigh of love, and cool it with a tear  
Since part we must, let's kiss, that done, retire  
With as cold frost as erst we met with fire,  
With such white vows as fate can ne'er dissever,  
But truth knit fast, and so, farewell for ever

## UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS

APOLLO sings, his harp resounds give room,  
For now behold the golden pomp is come,  
Thy pomp of plays which thousands come to see  
With admiration both of them and thee  
O volume! worthy, leaf by leaf and cover,

To be with juice of cedar wash'd all over,  
 Here words with lines and lines with scenes consent  
 To raise an act to full astonishment,  
 Here melting numbers, words of power to move  
 Young men to swoon and maids to die for love  
*Love lies a bleeding here, Evadne, there*  
 Swells with brave rage, yet comely everywhere,  
 Here's *A mad lover*, there that high design  
 Of *King and no King*, and the rare plot thine  
 So that whene'er we circumsolve our eyes,  
 Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties  
 Ravish our spirits, that entranc'd we see  
 None writes love's passion in the world like thee

### THE NEW CHARON

UPON THE DEATH OF HENRY, LORD HASTINGS

*The musical part being set by Mr Henry Lawes*

THE SPEAKERS,

CHARON AND EUCOSMIA

*Euc* CHARON, O Charon, draw thy boat to th' shore,  
 And to thy many take in one soul more  
*Cha* Who calls? who calls? *Euc* One over-  
 —whelm'd with ruth,  
 Have pity either on my tears or youth,  
 And take me in who am in deep distress,  
 But first cast off thy wonted churlishness  
*Cna* I will be gentle as that air which yields  
 A breath of balm along the Elysian fields

Speak, what art thou? *Euc* One once that  
had a lover,

Than which thyself ne'er wafted sweeter over  
He was—— *Cha* Say what? *Euc* Ah me  
my woes are deep

*Cha* Prthee relate, while I give e and weep

*Euc* He was a Hastings, and that one name has  
In it all good that is, and ever was  
He was my life, my love, my joy, but died  
Some hours before I should have been his bride

*Chorus* Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree  
For human joy contingent misery

*Euc* The hallowed tapers all prepared were  
And Hymen call'd to bless the rites *Cha*  
Stop there

*Euc* Great are my woes *Cha* And great must  
that grief be

That makes grim Charon thus to pity thee  
t now come in *Euc* More let me yet relate

*Cha* I cannot stay, more souls for waitage wait  
And I must hence *Euc* Yet let me thus  
much know,

Departing hence, where good and bad souls  
go?

*Cha* Those souls which ne'er were drench'd in  
pleasure's stream,

The fields of Pluto are reserv'd for them,  
Where, dress'd with garlands, there they walk  
the ground

Where the blessed youth with endless flows is  
crown'd

But such as have been drown'd in this wild  
sea,

For those is kept the Gulf of Hecate,  
Where with their own contagion they are fed,  
And there do punish and are punished

This known, the rest of thy sad story tell  
When on the flood that nine times circles hell

*Chorus* We sail along to visit mortals never,  
But there to live where love shall last for  
ever

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF SIR EDWARD GILES  
AND HIS WIFE IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF  
DEAN PRIOR CHURCH, DEVON

No trust to metals nor to marbles, when  
These have their fate and wear away<sup>as</sup> men;  
Times, titles, trophies may be lost and spent,  
But virtue rears the eternal monument  
What more than these can tombs or tombstones  
pay?

But here's the sunset of a tedious day  
These two asleep are I'll but be undress'd  
And so to bed pray wish us all good rest

## NOTES



## NOTES

569 *And of any wood ye see, You can make a Mercury* Pythagoras allegorically said that Mercury's statue could not be made of every sort of wood cp Rabelais, iv 62

575 *The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium* An earlier version of this poem was printed in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems under the title, *His Mistress Shade*, having been licensed for separate publication at Stationers' Hall the previous year. The variants are numerous, and some of them important l 1, *of silver* for *with silv'ne*, l 3, *on the Banks* for *in the Meads*, l 8, *Spikenard though* for *Storax from*, l 10 reads "*Of mellow Apples, ripened Plums and Pears*" l 17, the order of "*naked younglings, handsome strip lings*" is reversed, in place of l 20 we have —

"So soon as each his dangling locks hath crown'd  
With Rosie Chaplets, Lilies, Pansies red,  
Soft Saffron Circles to perfume the head",

l 23, *to* for *too unto*, l 24, *their* for *our*, ll 29, 30 —

"Unto the Prince of Shades, whom once his Pen  
Entitled the Grecian Prince of Men",



l 31, *thereupon* for *and that done*, l 36, *render him true* for *show him truly*, l 37, *will* for *shall*, l 38, "Where both may *laugh*, both drink, both *rage* to gether", l 48, *Amphitheatre* for *spacious theatre*, l 49, *synod* for *glories*, followed by —

"crown'd with sacred Bays  
And flatt'ring joy, *we'll have to* recite then plays,"  
*Shakespeare and Beaumont*, Swans to whom the  
Spheres

Listen while they *call back the former year[s]*  
To teach the truth of scenes, and more for thee,  
There yet remains, *brave soul*, than thou can'st see,"  
etc ,

l 56, *illustrious* for *cupacious*, l 57, *shall be* for *now is* [Jonson died 1637], ll 59-61 —

"To be of that high Hierarchy where none  
But brave souls take illumination  
Immediately from heaven, but hark the cock," etc ,

l 62, *feel* for *see*, l 63, *through* for *from*

579 *My love will fit each history* Cp Ovid,  
*Amor* II iv 44 *Omnibus historis se meus aptat amor*

580 *The sweets of love are mixed with tears* Cp  
*Propert* I xii 16 *Nonnihil adpersis gaudet Amor lacrimis*

583 *Whom this morn sees most fortunate*, etc  
*Seneca, Thyest* 613 *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem*

586 *Night hides our thefts*, etc Ovid, *Ars Am*  
1 249 —

Nocte latent mendæ vitioque ignoscitur omni,  
 Horaque formosam quamlibet illa facit

590 *To his brother in-law, Master John Wingfield* Of Brantham, Suffolk, husband of the poet's sister, Mercy See 818, and Sketch of Herrick's Life in vol 1

599 *Upon Lucia* Cp "The Resolution" in *Spiculum Amantis* ed A H Bullen

604 *Old Religion* Certainly not Roman Catholicism, though Jonson was a Catholic Herrick uses the noun and its adjective rather curiously of the dead cp 82, "To the reverend shade of his religious Father," and 138, "When thou shalt reach at my religious dust" There may be something of this use here or we may refer to his ancient cult of Jonson But the use of the phrase in 870 makes the exact shade of meaning difficult to fix

605 *Riches to be but burdens to the mind* Seneca *De Provid* 6 Democritus divitias projecit, onus illas bonae mentis existimans

607 *Who covets more is ever more a slave* Hor 1 *Ep* x 41 Serviet aeternum qui parvo nesciet uti

615 *No Wrath of Men* Cp Hor *Od* III iii 18

616 *To the Maids to walk abroad* Printed in *Watts's Recreations*, 1650, under the title *Abroad with the Maids*

618 *Mistress Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracy* Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, married John, third Viscount Tracy She survived her husband two years, and died in 1688

624 *Poets Wantons we are*, etc From Ovid,  
*Trist* 11 353-4 —

Crede mihi, mores distant a carrine nostri  
 Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa, mihi

625 *'Tis cowardice to bite the buried* Cp Ben  
 Jonson, *The Poetaster*, I 1 "Envy the living, not  
 the dead, doth bite", perhaps from Ovid, *Am* I xv  
 39 Pascitur in vivis livor, post fata quæ escit

626 *Noble Westmoreland* See Note to 112  
*Gallant Newark* Robert Pierrepont was created  
 Viscount Newark in 1627 and Earl of Kingston in  
 the following year But Herrick is perhaps address-  
 ing his son, Henry Pierrepont, afterward Marquis  
 of Dorchester (see 962 and Note), who during the  
 first Earl of Kingston's life would presumably have  
 borne his second title

633 *Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle  
 love* Ovid, *Ars Am* 11 152 Dulcibus est verbis  
 mollis alendus amor

639 *Fates revolve no fax they've spun* Seneca,  
*Heri Fur* 1812 Duræ peragunt pensa sorores, Nec  
 sua retro fila revolvunt

642 *Palms gems* A Latinism \* Cp Ovid,  
*Fasti*, 1 152 Et nova de gravido palmite gemma  
 tumet

645 *Upon Tears* Cp S Bernard Pœnitentium  
 lacrimæ vinum angelorum

649 *Upon Lucy* Printed in *Witts Recreations*,  
 1650, under the title, *On Betty*

653 *To th' number five or nine* Probably Herrick  
 is mistaking the references in Greek and Latin poets

to the mixing of their wine and water (e.g., Hor. *Od* III xix 11-17) for the drinking of so many cups

654 *Long looked for comes at last* Cp G Herbert, preface to Sibbes' Funeral Sermon on Sir Thomas Crew (1638) "That ancient adage, 'Quod differtur non aufertur' for 'Long looked for comes at last'"

655 *The morrow's life too late is*, etc Mart I xvi 12 *Sera nimis vita est crastina vive hodie*

662 *O happy life*, etc From Virg *Georg* II 458 9 —

*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint  
Agricolas*

It is not uncharacteristic that these fervid praises of country life were left unfinished

664 *Asthur Dairry* Not yet identified

665 *Let her, Lucretia all day be* From Martial XI civ 21, 22 —

*Lucretia toto*

*Sis licet u-que die Laeta nocte volo*

*Neither a full Feast me, nor overfill* Mart I lvi 4 *Nec volo quod cruciat, nec volo quod satiat*

667 *Be't for my Burial or my Burial* Cp Brand, vol II, and Coles' *Introduction to the Knowledge of Plants* "Rosemary and bayes are used by the commons both at funerals and weddings"

672 *Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd* Seneca, *Octavia*, 459 *Decet timeri Cæsarem At plus diligi*

673 *To Mr Denham, on his prospective poem* Sir John Denham published in 1642 his *Cooper's*

*Hill*, a poem on the view over the Thames towards London, from a hill near Windsor

675 *Then fashion is, but to say no*, etc Cp Montaigne's *Essays*, II 3, p 51, Florio's tr p 207 "Let it suffice that in doing it they say no and take it"

676 *Love is maintained by wealth* Ovid, *Rem Am* 746 *Divitius alitur luxuriosus amor*

679 *Nero commanded, but withdrew his eyes* Tacit *Agric* 45 *Nero subtraxit oculos, jussitque scelera, non spectavit*

683 *But a just measure both of Heat and Cold* This is a version of the mediæval doctrine of the four humours So Chaucer says of his Doctor of Physic —

"He knew the cause of every maladye,  
Were it of hoot or cold, or moyste, or drye,  
And where engendered and of what humour"

684 *'Gainst thou go'st a mothering* The Epistle for Mid Lent Sunday was from Galat iv 21, etc, and contained the words "Jerusalem, quæ est Mater nostra" On that Sunday people made offerings at their Mother Church After the Reformation the natural mother was substituted for the spiritual, and the day was set apart for visiting relations Excellent simnel cakes (Low Lat, *simnellus*, fine flour) are still made in the North, where the current derivation of the word is from *Sim* and *Neli*!

685 *To the King* Probably written in 1645, when Charles was for a short time in the West

689 *Too much she gives to some, enough to none* Mart XII x *Fortuna multis dat nimis, satis nulli*

696 *Men mind no state in sickness* There is a general resemblance in this poem to the latter part of Hor III *Od* 1, but I have an uneasy sense that Herrick is translating

697 *Adversity* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650

702 *Mean things overcome mighty* Cp 486 and Note

706 *How roses came red* Cp Burton, *Anat Mel* III ii 3 "Constantine (*Agriculi* xi 18) makes Cupid himself to be a great dncer by the same token that he was caving among the gods, he flung down a bowl of nectar, which, distilling upon the white rose, ever since made it red"

709 *Tears at a Laughter* Bishop Jebb quotes a Latin couplet inscribed on an old inn at Four Crosses, Staffordshire —

Fleres si cōires unum tua tempora mensem  
Rides, cum non sit forsitan una dies

710 *Tully says* Cic *Tusc Disp* III ii 3 Gloria est frequens de aliquo, fama cum laude

713 *His return to London* Written at the same time as his *Farewell to Dean Bourne*, i e, after his ejection in 1648, the year of the publication of the *Hesperides*

715 *No pack like poverty* Burton, *Anat Mel* iii 3 Οὐδὲν πένις βαρύτερόν ἐστι φόβιον "No burden, saith Menander, is so intolerable as poverty"

718 *As many laws, etc* Tacit *Ann* iii 27 Corruptissima in republica plurimæ leges

723 *Lay down some silver pence* Cp Bishop  
Corbet's *The Faeryes Farewell* —

“And though they sweep their hearths no less  
Than maids were wont to do,  
Yet who of late for cleanliness  
Finds sixpence in her shoe?”

725 *Times that are ill* *Clouds will not ever,*  
etc., two reminiscences of Horace, II *Od* x 17,  
and ix

727 *Up tails all* This tune will be found in  
Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol 1  
p 196 He notes that it was a favourite with Her-  
rick, who wrote four other poems in the metre, viz  
*The Hag is Astride*, *The Maypole is up*, *The Peter*  
*penny*, and *Twelfth Night or, King and Queen*  
The tune is found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal  
Book, and in the *Dancing Master* (1650-1690) It  
is alluded to by Ben Jonson, and was a favourite  
with the Cavaliers

730 *Charon and Philomel* This dialogue is found  
with some slight variations of text in Rawlinson's  
MS poet 65 fol 32 The following variants may  
be noted l 5, *voice* for *sound*, l 7 *shade* for *bird*,  
l 11, *warbling* for *watching*, l 12, *hoist up* for *this*  
*hoist*, l 13, *be gone* for *return*, l 18, *praise* for  
*pray*, l 19, *sighs* for *rows*, l 24, omit *slothful*  
The dialogue is succeeded in the MS by an old  
catch (probably written before Herrick was born) —

“A boat! a boat! haste to the ferry!  
For we go over to be merry,  
To laugh and quaff, and drink old sherry”

After the catch comes the following dialogue, written (it would seem) in imitation of Herrick's *Charon and Philomel* the speakers' names are not marked —

"Charon! O Charon! the wafter of all souls to bliss  
or bane!

Who calls the ferryman of Hell?

Come near and say who lives in bliss and who in  
pain

Those that die well eternal bliss shall follow  
Those that die ill their own black deeds shall swallow  
Shall thy black barge those guilty spirits row  
That kill themselves for love? Oh, no! oh, no!  
My cordage cracks when such foul sins draw near,  
No wind blows fair, nor I my boat can steer  
What spirits pass and in Elysium reign?  
Those harmless souls that love and are beloved again  
That soul that lives in love and fair would die to

win,  
Shall he go free? Oh, no! it is too foul a sin  
He must not come aboard, I dare not row,  
Storms of despair my boat will overblow  
But when thy mistress (?) shall close up thine eyes  
then come aboard,  
Then come aboard and pass, till then be wise and  
sing "

"Then come aboard" from the penultimate line  
and "and sing" from the last should clearly be  
struck out

739 O *Jupiter*, etc Eubulus in Athenaeus, xiii  
559 ὦ Ζεῦ πολυτίμητ', εἴτ' ἐγὼ κακῶς ποτε | ἐρῶ



γυναικας, νή Δί' σπολοίμη' ἄρα | πάντων ἄριστον  
κτημάτων Comp 885

743 *Another upon her Weeping* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title *On Julia's Weeping*

745 *To Sir John Berkeley, Governor of Exeter*  
Youngest son of Sir Maurice Berkeley, of Bruton, in Somersetshire, knighted in Berwick in 1638, commander in chief of all the Royalist forces in Devonshire, 1643, captured Exeter Sept 4 of that year, and held it till April 13, 1646. Created Baron Berkeley of Stratton, in Cornwall, 1658, died 1678

749 *Consultation* As noted in the text, this is from Sallust, *Cat* 1

751 *Noni sees the fardell of his faults behind*  
Cp Catullus, xii 20, 21 —

Suus cuique attributus est error,  
Sed non videmus manticae quod in tergo est,

or, perhaps more probably from Seneca, *de Ira*, ii 28 *Aliena vitia in oculis habemus, à tergo nostra sunt*

755 *The Eye* Æschyl *Fragment* in Plutarch, *Amat* 21 Νέας γυναικὸς οὐ με μὴ λάθῃ φλέγων  
ὀφθαλμοῦς, ἥτις ἀνδρὸς ἡ γεγευμένη

756 *To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter*  
In August, 1645

761 *The Wake* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title *Alvar and Anthea*

763 *To Doctor Alabaster* William Alabaster, or Alablaster, born at Hadleigh, Suffolk (1567), educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, a

friend of Spencer, was converted to Roman Catholicism while chaplain to the Earl of Essex in Spain 1596 In 1607 he began his series of apocalyptic writings by an *Apparatus in Revelationem Jesu Christi* On visiting Rome he was imprisoned by the Inquisition, escaped, and returned to Protestantism Besides his theological works, he published (in 1637) a *Lexicon Pentaglotton* Died April, 1640

766 *Time is the bound of things*, etc From Seneca, *Consol ad Marc* xix Excessit filius tuus terminos intra quos servitur mors omnium dolorum solutio est et finis

771 *As I have read must be the first man up*, etc Hor I *Ep* vi 48 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus amittas

*Rich compost* Cp the same thought in 662

772 4 *Hymn to Bacchus* Printed, with the misprint *Bacchus* for *Iacchus* in l 1, in *Witts Recreations*, 1650

*Brutus* Cato Cp Note to 4 and 8

774 *If wars go well*, etc Tacitus, *Ann* iii 53 cū recte factorum sibi quisque gratiam trahant, unus [Principis scil] invidia ab omnibus peccatur

775 *Niggards of the meanest blood* Seneca, *de Clem* i 1 Summa parsimonia etiam vilissimi sanguinis

776 *Wrongs, if neglected*, etc Tacit *Ann* i 34 [Probra] sprete exolescunt, si irascere agnita videntur

780 *Kings ought to shear*, etc A saying of Tiberius quoted by Suetonius Boni pastoris est

‘ondere oves, non deglubere Herrick probably took it from Ben Jonson’s *Discoveries*

784 7 *Ceremonies for Christmas* More will be found about the Yule log in *Ceremonies for Candlemas Day* (893), cp also *The Wassail* (476)

788 *Power and Peace* From Tacitus, *Ann* iv 4 Quancquam arduum sit eodem loci potentiam et concordiam esse

789 *Mistress Margaret Falconbridge* A daughter, probably, of the Thomas Falconbridge of number 483

797 *Kisses* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, with omission of *me* in l 1

804 *John Crofts, Cup-bearer to the King* Third son of Sir John Crofts, of Saxham, Suffolk We hear of him in the king’s service as early as 1628, and two years later Lord Conway, in thanking Wm Weld for some verses sent him, hopes, “the lines are strong enough to bind Robert Maule and Jack Crofts from ever more using the phrase” So Jack was probably a bit of a poet himself He may be the Mr Crofts for assaulting whom George, Lord Digby, was imprisoned a month and more, in 1634

807 *Man may want land to live in* Tacitus, *Ann* xiii 56 Addidit [Boiocalus] Deesse nobis terra in qua vivamus, in quâ moriamur non potest, quoted by Montaigne, II 3

809 *Who after his transgression doth repent* Seneca, *Agam* 243 Quem poenitet peccasse paene est innocens

810 *Grief, if’t be great ’tis short* Seneca, quoted by Burton (II iii 1, § 1) “Si longa est, levis est, si

gravis est, brevis est If it be long, 'tis light, if grievous, it cannot last "

817 *The Amber Bead* Cp Martial's epigram quoted in Note to 497 The comparison to Cleopatra is from Mart IV xxxii

818 *To my dearest sister, M Mercy Herrick* Not quite five years his senior She married John Wingfield, of Brantham, Suffolk, to whom also Herrick addresses a poem

820 *Suffer that thou canst not shift* From Seneca, the title from *Ep* cvii Optimum est potius quod emendare non posses, the epigram from *De Provid* 4, as translated by Thomas Lodge, 1614, 'Vertuous instructions are never delicate Doth fortune beat and rend us? Let us surter it'—whence Herrick reproduces the printer's error, *Vertuous* for *Vertues* (Virtue's)

821 *For a stone has Heaven his tomb* Cp Sir T Browne, *Relig Med* § 40 "Nor doe I altogether follow that rodomontado of Lucan (*Phars* vii 819) Coelo tegitur qui non habet urnam,

He that unburied lies wants not his hearse,  
For unto him a tomb's the universe "

823 *To the King upon his taking of Leicester* May 31, 1645, a brief success before Naseby

825 *'Twas Cæsar's saying* Tiberius ap Tacit *Ann* ii 26 Se novies a divo Augusto in Germania missum plura consilio quam vi perfecisse

830 *His Loss* A reference to his ejection from Dean Prior

837 *Mistress Amy Potter* Daughter of Barnabas

Potter, Bishop of Carlisle, Herrick's predecessor at Dean Prior

839 *Love is a circle from good to good* So Burton, III 1 1, § 2 *Circulus a bono in bonum*

844 *TO HIS BOOK Make haste away* Martial, III 11 *Ad Librum suum—Festina tibi vindicem parare, Ne nigram cito raptus in culinam Cordyllas madidâ tegas papyro, Vel thuris piperisque sis cucullus To make loose gowns for mackerel* From Catullus, xcv 1 —

At Volusi annales Paduam morientur ad ipsam,  
Et laxas scombris saepe dabunt tunicas

846 *And what we blush to speak*, etc Ovid, *Phaëdra to Hipp* 10 *Dicere quae puduit scribere jussit amor*

849 *'Tis sweet to think*, etc Seneca, *Herc Fur* 657 58 *Quae fuit durum pati Meminisse dulce est*

851 *To Mr Henry Lawes, the excellent composer of his lyrics* Henry Lawes (1595 1662), the friend of Milton, admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, 1625 In the *Noble Numbers* he is mentioned as the composer of Herrick's *Christmas Carol* and the first of his two *New Year's Gifts* Lawes also set to music Herrick's *Not to Love*, *To Mrs Eliz Wheeler* (Among the Myrtles as I walked), *The Kiss*, *The Primrose*, *To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his Grey Hairs*, and doubtless others

852 *Maidens tell me I am old* From Anacreon

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες

Ἀνακρέων γέρων ἐῖ κ τ λ

With a significant variation—"Ill it fits"—for  
 μάλλον πρέπει

859 *Master J Fincks* Not identified

861 *Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their  
 own* Aristot *Politics*, iii 7 καλεῖν εἰσθαμεν τῶν  
 μὲν μοναρχιῶν τὴν πρὸς τὸ κοινὸν ἀποβλέπουσαν  
 συμφέρον βασιλείαν ἢ τυραννίς ἐστὶ μοναρχία  
 πρὸς τὸ συμφέρον τὸ τοῦ μοναρχοῦντος

869 *Sir Thomas Hale* Probably a son of the  
 Sir Thomas Hele, of Fleet, Co Devon who died in  
 1624. This Sir Thomas was created a baronet in  
 1627, and according to Dr Grosart was one of the  
 Royalist commanders at the siege of Plymouth. He  
 died 1670.

872 *Love is a kind of war* Ovid, *Ars Am* II  
 233, 34 —

Militiae species amor est discedite segnes!

Non sunt haec timidis signa tuenda viris

873 *A spark neglected, etc* Ovid, *Rem Am* 732-  
 34 —

E minimo maximus ignis erit

Sic nisi vitaris quicquid renovabit amorem,

Flamma redardescet quae modo nulla fuit

874 *An Hymn to Cypris* From Anacreon —

ὦ Ὠναξ, ὦ δαμάλης Ἔρως

καὶ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες

πορφυρεὴ τ' Αφροδίτη

συμπαίζουσιν γοινοῦμαί σε, κ τ λ

885 *Naught are all women* Burton III ii 5  
 § 5

907 *Upon Mr William Lawes, the rare musician*  
 Elder brother of the more famous Henry Lawes,  
 appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, 1602,  
 and also one of Charles I's musicians in ordinary.  
 When the Civil War broke out he joined the king's  
 army and was killed by a stray shot during the siege  
 of Chester, 1645. He set Herrick's *Gather ye rose  
 buds* to music.

914 *Numbers ne'er tickle*, etc. Martial, I. xxvii —  
 Lex haec carminibus data est jocosis,  
 Ne possint, nisi pruriant, juvare

918 *M Killam*. As yet unidentified. Dr  
 Grosart suggests that he may have been one of  
 Herrick's parishoners, and the name sounds as of  
 the west country.

920 *Cinctation in correction*. Is Herrick trans-  
 lating? According to a relief at Rome the victors'  
 rods were bound together not only by a red thong  
 twisted from top to bottom, but by six straps as well.

922 *Continual reaping makes a land wax old*  
 Ovid, *Ars Am.* iii. 82. Continua messe senescit ager.

924 *Revenge*. Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 3. Tanto pro-  
 clivius est injuriae quam beneficio vicem exsolvere,  
 quia gratia oneri, ultio in quaestu habetur.

927 *Praise they that will times past*. Ovid, *Ars  
 Am.* iii. 121. —

Prisca juvent alios ego me nunc denique natum  
 Gratulor, haec aetas moribus apta meis

928 *Clothes are conspirators*. I can suggest no  
 better explanation of this oracular epigram than that  
 the tailor's bill is an enemy of a slender purse.

929 *Cruelty* Seneca *de Clem* i 24 Ferina ista rabies est, sanguine gaudere et vulneribus, (i 8), Quemadmodum praecisae arbores plurimis ramis repullulant [H uses repullulate, -tion 336, 794], et multa satorum genera, ut densiora surgant, recidunt, ita regia crudelitas augeat inimicorum numerum tollendo Ben Jonson, *Discoveries* (*Cleopatra*) "The lopping of trees makes the boughs shoot out quicker, and the taking away of some kind of enemies increaseth the number"

931 *A fierce desire of hot and dry* Cp note on 683

932 *To hear the worst*, etc Antisthenes ap *Dog Latin* VI i 4, § 3 Αλούσας ποτὲ ὅτ Πλάτων αὐτὸς κακῶς λέγει Βασιλεῖον ἐφη καλῶς ποιῶντα ὡς ἀκούειν, quoted by Burton, II iii 7

934 *The Bondman* Cp Exodus xvi 5, 6 "And if the servant shall plainly say I love my master, my wife, and my children I will not go out free Then his master shall bring him unto the judges, he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the doorpost, and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him for ever"

936 *My kiss outwent the bonds of shamefastness* Cp Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, sonnet 82 For *not love himself*, etc, cp 10, and note

938 *His wish* From Martial, II xc 7 10 —

Sit mihi verna satur sit non doctissima conjux

Sit non cum somno, sit sine lite dies, etc

939 *Upon Julia washing herself in the river* Imitated from Martial, IV xlii —



Primos passa toros et adhuc placanda marito  
 Merserat in nitidos se Cleopatra lacus,  
 Dum fugit amplexus sed prodidit unda latentem,  
 Lucebat, totis cum tegetetur aquis  
 Condita sic puro numerantur lilia vitro,  
 Sic pronibet tenuis gemma lateae rosas,  
 Insilui mersusque vadis luctantia carpsi  
 Basia perspicuae plus vetuistis aquae

940 *Though frankincense*, etc Ovid, *de Medicis*  
*Fac* 83, 84 —

Quamvis thura deos irataque numina placent,  
 Non tamen accensis omnia danda focus

947 *To his honoured and most ingenious friend,*  
*Mr Charles Cotton* Dr Grosart annotates "The translator of Montaigne, and associate of Izaak Walton", but as the younger Cotton was only eighteen when *Hesperides* was printed, it is perhaps more probable that the father is meant, though we may note that Herrick and the younger Cotton were joint contributors in 1619 to the *Lacryma Musarum*, published in memory of Lord Hastings. For a tribute to the brilliant abilities of the elder Cotton, see Clarendon's *Life* (i 36, ed 1807)

948 *Women Useless* A variation on a theme as old as Euripides Cp *Medea*, 573 5 —

" χρῆν γὰρ ἀλλοθὲν ποθεῖν βροτοὺς  
 παῖδας τεκνοῦσθαι, θῆλυ δ' οὐκ εἶναι γένος  
 χοῦτως ἂν οὐκ ἦν οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις κακόν

952 *Weep for the dead, for they have lost the light*, cp Eccclus xlii 11

955 *To M Leonard Willan, his peculiar friend*  
A wretched poet, author of "The Phrygian Fabulist, or the Fables of Æsop" (1650), "Astraea, or True Love's Mirror" (1651), etc

956 *Mr John Hall, Student of Gray's Inn*  
Hall remained at Cambridge till 1647, and this poem, which addresses him as a "Student of Gray's Inn," must therefore have been written almost while *Hesperides* was passing through the press Hall's *Horæ Vacuæ, or Essays*, published in 1646, had at once given him high rank among the wits

958 *To the most comely and proper M Elizabeth Finch* No certain identification has been proposed

961 *To the King, upon his welcome to Hampton Court, set and sung* The allusion can only be to the king's stay at Hampton Court in 1647 Good hope was then entertained of a peaceful settlement, and Herrick's ode, enthusiastic as it is expresses little more than this

*For an ascendent*, etc This and the next seven lines are taken from phrases on pp 29 33 of the *Notes and Observations on some passages of Scripture*, by John Gregory (see note on N N 178) According to Gregory, "The Ascendent of a City is that sign which riseth in the Heavens at the laying of the first stone"

962 *Henry, Marquis of Dorchester* Henry Pierrepont, second Earl of Kingston, succeeded his father (Herrick's Newark) July 30, 1643, and was created Marquis of Dorchester, March, 1645 "He was a very studious nobleman and very learned,

particularly in law and physics " (See Burke's *Ex tinct Pleas*, iii 435 )

*When Cato, the severe, entered the circumspacious theatre* The allusion is to the visit of Cato to the games of Flora, given by Messias. When his presence in the theatre was known, the dancing women were not allowed to perform in their accustomed lack of costume, whereupon the moralists obligingly retired, amidst applause.

966 *M Jo Harman, physician to the College of Westminster* John Harmar, born at Churchdown, near Gloucester, about 1594, was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College Oxford, was a master at Magdalen School, the Free School at St Albans, and at Westminster, and Professor of Greek at Oxford under the Commonwealth. He died 1670. Wood characterises him as a butt for the wits and a flatterer of great men, and notes that he was always called by the name of Doctor Harmar, though he took no higher degree than M A. But in 1632 he supplicated for the degree of M B, and Dr Grosart's note—"Herrick, no doubt, playfully transmuted 'Doctor' into 'Physician'"—is misleading. He may have cared for the minds and bodies of the Westminster boys at one and the same time.

*The Roman language* *If Jove would speak,* etc. Cp Ben Jonson's *Discoveries* "that testimony given by L. Aelius Stilo upon Plautus who affirmed, "Musas si latine loqui voluissent Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas." And Cicero [in Plutarch, § 24] "said of the Dialogues of Plato, that Jupiter, if it were his nature to use language, would speak like him."

967 *Upon his spaniel, Tracy* Cp *supra*, 726

971 *Strength*, etc Tacitus, *Ann* xiii 19 Nihil  
reiū mortalium tam instabile ac fluxum est, quān  
fama potentiae, non suā vi nixa

975 *Case is a lawyer*, etc Martial, I xcviii Ad  
Naevolum Caus dicum Cū clamant omnes, lo-  
queris tu, Naevole, tantū Ecce, tacent omnes,  
Naevole, dic aliquid

977 *To his sister in law, M Susanna Herrick*  
Cp *supra*, 522 The subject is again the making  
up of the book of the poet's elect

978 *Upon the Lady Crew* Cp Herrick's Epi-  
thalamium for her marriage with Sir Clipsby Crew,  
283 She died 1639, and was buried in Westminster  
Abbey

979 *On Tomasin Parsons* Daughter of the  
organist of Westminster Abbey cp 500 and  
Note

983 *To his kinsman, M Thomas Herrick, who*  
*des not to be in his book* Cp 106 and Note

989 *Care keeps the conquest* Perhaps jotted  
down with reference to the Governorship of Exeter  
by Sir John Berkeley see Note to 745

992 *To the handsome Mistress Grace Potter*  
Probably sister to the Mistress Amy Potter cele-  
brated in 837, where see Note

995 *We're none to bear our charge than way to*  
*go* Seneca, *Ep* 77 quantulumcunque haberem,  
tamen plus superesset viatici quam viae, quoted by  
Montaigne, II xxviii

1000 *The Gods, pillars, and men* Horace's  
Mediocribus esse poetis Non homines, non di,

non concessere columnae (*Ars Poet* 373) Latin poets hung up their epigrams in public places

1002 *To the Lord Hopton on his fight in Coin wall* Sir Ralph Hopton won two brilliant victories for the Royalists, at Bradock Down and Stratton, Januar, and May, 1643, and was created Baron Hopton in the following September. Originally a Parliamentarian, he was one of the king's ablest and most loyal servants

1003 *Nothing's so hard but search will find it out* Terence *Haut* IV ii 8 Nil tam difficile est quin quaerendo investigari posset

1009 *Labour is held up by the hope of rest* Ps Sallust, *Epist ad C Caes* Sapientes laborem spe otii sustentant

1022 *Posting to Printing* Mart V x ii, 12 —

Vos, tamen, o nostri, ne festinate, libelli

Sed post fata venit gloria, non propero

1023 *No kingdoms got by rapine long endure* Seneca, *Troad* 264 Violenta nemo imperia continuit dies

1026 *Saint Distaff's Day* "Saint Distaff is perhaps only a coinage of our poet's to designate the day when, the Christmas vacation being over, good housewives, with others, resumed their usual employment" (Nott) The phrase is explained in dictionaries and handbooks, but no other use of it is quoted than this Herrick's poem was pilfered by Henry Bold (a notorious plagiarist) in *Wit a-sporting in a pleasant Grove of New Fancies*, 1657

1028 *My beloved Westminster* As mentioned in

the brief "Life" of Herrick prefixed to vol. 1, all the references in this poem seem to refer to Herrick's courtier days, between leaving Cambridge and going to Devonshire. He then doubtless, resided in Westminster for the sake of proximity to Whitehall. It has been suggested, however, that the reference is to Westminster School, but we have no evidence that Herrick was educated there.

*Golden Cheapside* My friend, Mr Herbert Horne, in his admirably-chosen selection from the *Hesperides*, suggests that the allusion here is to the great gilt cross at the end of Wood Street. The suggestion is ingenious, but as Cheapside was the goldsmiths' quarter this would amply justify the epithet, which may indeed only refer to Cheapside as a money-winning street, as we might say Golden Lombard Street.

1032 *Things are uncertain* Tiberius, in Tacitus, *Annal* 1. 72. *Cuncta mortalium incerta, quantoque plus adeptus foret, tanto se magis in lubrico*

1034 *Good wits get more fame by their punishment* Cp Tacit *Ann* iv. 35, sub fin. *Punitis ingenius gl'iscit auctoritas*, etc., quoted by Bacon and Milton.

1035 *Twelfth Night or King and Queen* Herrick alludes to these "Twelfth-Tide Kings and Queens" in writing to Endymion Porter (664), and earlier still, in the "New Year's Gift to Sir Simeon Steward" (319) he speaks—

"Of Twelfth-Tide cakes, of Peas and Beans  
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,  
Whenas ye choose your King and Queen

Brand (1 27) illustrates well from "Speeches to the Queen at Sudley" in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*

"*Melbæus* Cut the cake who hath the bean shall be king, and where the pea is, she shall be queen

*Nisa* I have the pea and must be queen

*Mel* I the bean, and king I must commend"

1045 *Comfort in Calamity* An allusion to the ejection from their benefices which betel most of the loyal clergy at the same time as Herrick. It is perhaps worth noting that in the second volume of this edition, and in the last hundred poems printed in the first, wherever a date can be fixed it is always in the forties. Equally late poems occur, though much less frequently, among the first five hundred, but there the dated poems belong, for the most part, to the years 1623-1640. Now, in April 29, 1640, as stated in the brief "Life" prefixed to vol. 1, there was entered at Stationers' Hall, "The severall poems written by Master Robert Herrick," a book which, as far as is known never saw the light. It was probably, however, to this book that Herrick addressed the poem (406) beginning —

"Have I not blest thee? Then go forth, nor fear  
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close stools here",

and we may fairly regard the first five hundred poems of *Hesperides* as representing the intended collection of 1640, with a few additions, and the last six hundred as for the most part later and I must add, inferior work. This is borne out by the absence of any manuscript versions of poems in the

second half of the book Herrick's verses would only be passed from hand to hand when he was living among the wits in London

1046 *Twilight* Ovid, *Amoris*, I v 5, 6 Crepuscula ubi nox abuit, nec tamen orta dies

1048 *Consent makes the cure* Seneca, *Hippol* 250 Pars sanitatis veile sanari fuit

• 1050 *Causeless whipping* Ovid, *Heroid* v 7, 8 Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est, Quae venit indignae poena dolenda venit Quoted by Montaigne III xiii

1052 *His comfort* Terence, *Adulph* I i 18 Ego quod fortunatum isti putant, Uxorem nunquam habui

1053 *Sincerity* From Hor *Ep* I ii 54 Sincere est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit Quoted by Montaigne III xiii

1056 *To his peculiar friend, M Jo Wicks* See 336 and Note Written after Herrick's ejection We know that the poet's uncle, Sir William Herrick, suffered greatly in estate during the Civil War, and it may have been the same with other friends and relatives But there can be little doubt that the poet found abundant hospitality on his return to London

1059 *A good Death* August *de Disciplin* Christ 13 Non potest malè mori, qui benè vixerit

1061 *On Fortune* Seneca, *Medea*, 176 Fortuna opes auferre non animum potest

1062 *To Sir George Parry, Doctor of the Civil Law* According to Dr Giosart, Parry "was admitted to the College of Advocates, London, 3rd Nov, 1628, but almost nothing has been transmitted



concerning him save that he married the daughter and heir of Sir Giles Sweet, Dean of Arches" I can hardly doubt that he must be identified with the Dr George Parry, Chancellor to the Bishop of Exeter, who in 1630 was accused of excommunicating persons for the sake of fees, but was highly praised in 1633 and soon after appointed a Judge Marshal. If so, his wife was a widow when she came to him, as she is spoken of in 1638 as 'Lady Dorothy Smith, wife of Sir Nicholas Smith deceased'. She brought him a rich dower and her death greatly confused his affairs.

1067 *Gentleness* Sereca, *Phoen* 659 Qui vult amari, lingua regnet maru And Ben Jonson, *Panegyre* (1603) "He knew that those who would with love command, Must with a tender yet a steadfast hand, Sustain the reins."

1068 *Mrs Eliza Wheeler* See 130 and Note

1071 *To the Honoured Master Encyrtion Porter* For Porter's patronage of poetry see 117 and Note

1080 *The Mistress of all singular Manners, Mistress Portman* Dr Grosart notes that a Mrs Mary Portman was buried at Putney Parish Church, June 27, 1671, and this was perhaps Herrick's school mistress, the "pearl of Putney."

1087 *Where pleasures rule a kingdom* Cicero, *De Senect* vii 41 Neque omnino in voluptatis regno virtutem posse consistere *He lives who lives to virtue* Comp Sallust, *Catil* 2, s fin

1088 *Twice five and-twenty (bate me but one year)* As Herrick was born in 1591, this poem must have been written in 1640

1089 *To M Laurence Swetnaham* Unless the various entries in the parish registers of St Margaret's, Westminster, refer to different men, this Lawrence Swetnaham was the third son of Thomas Swettenham of Swettenham in Cheshire, married in 1602 to Mary Birtles. Lawrence himself had children as early as 1629, and ten years later was church-warden. He was buried in the Abbey, 1673.

1091 *My lamp to you I give* Allusion to the *Λαμπαδηφορία* which Plato (*Legg* 776B) uses to illustrate the succession of generations. So Luccretius (II 77) *Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt*.

1092 *Michael Oulsworth* Michael Oulsworth, Oldsworth or Oldisworth, graduated M.A. from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1614. According to Wood, "he was afterwards Fellow of his College, Secretary to Earl of Pembroke, elected a Burgess to serve in several Parliaments for Sarum and Old Sarum, and though in the Grand Rebellion he was no Colonel, yet he was Governor of Old Pembroke, and Montgomery led him by the nose as he pleased, to serve both their turns." The partnership, however, was not eternal, for between 1648 and 1650 Oldisworth published at least eight virulent satires against his former master.

1094 *Truth—her own simplicity* Seneca, *Ep* 49 (*Ut ille tragicus*), *Veritatis simplex oratio est*.

1097 *Kings must be dauntless* Seneca, *Thyest* 388 *Rex est qui metuit nihil*.

1100 *To his brother, Nicholas Herick* Baptized April 22, 1589, a merchant trading to the Levant.

He married Susanna Salter, to whom Herrick addresses two poems (522, 977)

1103 *A King and no King* Seneca, *Thyest*  
214 Ubicunque tantum honestè dominantì licet,  
Pecunio regnatur

1118 *Necessity makes dastards valiant men*  
Sallust, *Catil* 58 Necessitudo timidos fortès  
facit

1119 *Sauce for Sorrows* Printed in *Witts*  
*Pecreations*, 1650 *An equal mind* Plautus,  
*Rudens*, II iii 71 Animus aequus optimum est  
aerumnæ condimentum

1126 *The End of his Work* Printed in *Witts*  
*Pecreations*, 1650, under the title *Of this Book*  
From Ovid, *Ars Am* i 773, 774 —

Pars superest caepti, pars est exhausta laboris  
Hic teneat nostras anchora jacta rates

1127 *My wearied bark, etc* Ovid, *Rem Am*  
811, 812 —

fessae date sarta carinæ  
Contigimus portum, quo mihi cursus erat

1128 *The work is done* Ovid, *Ars Am* ii 733  
734 —

Finis adest operi palmam date, grata juvenus,  
Sertaque odoratae myrtea feite comae

1130 *His Muse* Cp Note on 624

## NOBLE NUMBERS

3 *Weigh me the Fire* 2 *Esdras*, iv 5, 7, v  
9, 36 'Weigh me the fire, or measure me  
the wind," etc

4 *God is the best known, not* *August*  
*de Oid* ii 16 [Deus] scitur melius resciendo

5 *Supianity*, τὸ υπέρβυτος ὢν, Plotinus

7 *His wrath is free from perturbation* *August*  
*de Civ Dei*, ix 5 Ipse Deus secundum Scripturas  
irascitur, nec tamen ullâ passione turbatur *Enchir*  
*ad Laurent* 33 Cum irasci dicitur Deus, non sig  
nificatur perturbatio, qualis est in animo irascentis  
hominis

9 *Those Spotless two Lambs* "This is the offer  
ing made by fire which ye shall offer unto the Lord  
two lambs of the first year without spot, day by day,  
for a continual burnt offering" (*Numb* xxviii 3)

17 *An Anthem sung in the Chapel of Whitehall*  
This may be added to Nos 96 98, and 102, the  
poems on which Mr Hazlitt bases his conjecture  
that Herrick may have held some subordinate post  
in the Chapel Royal

37 *When once the sin has fully acted been*  
*Tacitus*, *Ann* xiv 10 Perfecto demum scelere,  
magnitudo ejus intellecta est

38 *Upon Time* Were this poem anonymous it would probably be attributed rather to George Herbert than to Herrick

41 *His Litany to the Holy Spirit* We may quote again from Barron Field's account in the *Quarterly Review* (1810) of his cross examination of the Dean Prior villagers for Reminiscences of Herrick "The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood we found to be a poor woman in the 99th year of her age, named Dorothy King She repeated to us, with great exactness, five of his *Noble Numbers*, among which was his beautiful 'Litany' These she had learnt from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor at the vicarage She called them her prayers, which she said she was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep, and she therefore began the 'Litany' at the second stanza —

'When I lie within my bed,' etc " ♪

Another of her midnight orisons was the poem beginning —

"Every night Thou dost me fright,  
And keep mine eyes from sleeping," etc

The last couplet, it should be noted, is misquoted from No 56

54 *Spew out all neutralities* From the message to the Church of the Laodiceans, Rev iii 16

59 *A Present by a Child* Cp "A pastoral upon the Birth of Prince Charles" (*Hesperides* 213), and Note

63 *Goa's mirth man's mourning* Perhaps founded on Prov i 26 "I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh"

65 *My Alma* The name is probably suggested by its meaning "soul" Cp Prior's *Alma*

72 *I'll cast a net and cloud* Cp Hor I *Ep* xvi 62 *Noctem peccatus et fraudibus objice nubem*

75 *That house is bare* Horace, *Ep* I vi 45 *Evilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt*

77 *Lighten my candle, etc* The phraseology of the next five lines is almost entirely from the Psalms and the Song of Solomon

86 *Sun leads the way* Hor *Odes*, I.II ii 32 *Raro antecederent scelerum Deserunt peae Poena claudo*

88 *By Faith we walk, not by the Spirit* 2 Cor v 7 "We walk by faith, not by sight" By the Spirit' perhaps means, in spiritual bodies

96 *Sing to the King* See Note on 17  
*Composed by M Henry Lawes* See *Hesperides* 851, and Note

102 *The Star Song* This may have been composed partly with reference to the noonday star during the Thanksgiving for Charles II's birth See *Hesperides* 213, and Note

*We'll choose our King* A reference to the Twelfth Night games See *Hesperides* 1035, and Note

103 *Good men afflicted most* Taken almost entirely from Seneca, *de Provid* 3, 4 *Ignem experitur [Fortuna] in Mucio, paupertatem in Fabricio, tormenta in Regulo, venenum in*

Socrate, mortem in Catone The allusions may be briefly explained for the unclassical At the siege of Dyrachium, Marcus Cassius Scæva caught 120 darts on his shield, Horatius Cocles is the hero of the bridge (see Macaulay's *Lays*), C Mucius Scævola held his hand in the fire to illustrate to Poissenna Roman fearlessness, Cato is Cato Uticensis, the philosophic suicide, "high Atilius" will be more easily recognised as the M Atilius Regulus who defied the Carthaginians, Fabricius Luscinus refused not only the presents of Pyrrhus, but all reward of the State, and lived in poverty on his own farm

109 *A wood of darts* Cp Virg *Æn* x 886  
Ter secum Troius heros Immanem aerato circum-  
fert tegmine silvam

112 *The Recompense* Herrick is said to have assumed the lay habit on his return to London after his ejection, perhaps as a protection against further persecution This quatrain may be taken as evidence that he did not throw off his religion with his cassock Compare also 124

*All I have lost that could be rapt from me* From Ovid, III *Trist* vii 414 Raptaque sint adimi quae potuere mihi

123 *Thy light thar ne'er went out* Prov xxxi 18 (of 'the Excellent Woman') "Her candle goeth not out by night" *All set about with lilies* Cp *Cant Canticorum*, vii 2 Venter tuus sicut acervus tritici, vallatus lilis

*Will show these garments* So Acts ix 39

134 *God had but one son free from sin* Augustin

*Confess* vi Deus unicum habet filium sine peccato, nullum sine flagello, quoted in Burton, II iii 1

136 *Science in God* Bp Davenant, *on Colossians*, 166, et 1639, speaking of Omniscience Proprietates Divinitatis non sunt accidentia, sed ipsa Dei essentia

145 *Tears* Augustin *Enarr Ps* cxvii Dulciores sunt lacrymae orantium quam gaudia theatrorum

146 *Manna* Wisdom xvi 20, 21 "Angels' food agreeing to every taste"

147 *As Cassiodorus doth prove* Reverentia est enim Domini timor cum amore permixtus Cassiodor *Expos in Psalt* xlv 30, quoted by Dr Grosart My clerical predecessor has also hunted down with much industry the possible sources of most of the other patristic references in *Noble Numbers*, though I have been able to add a few We may note that Herrick quotes Cassiodorus (twice), John of Damascus, Boethius, Thomas Aquinas, St Bernard, St Augustine (thrice), St Basil, and St Ambrose—a goodly list of Fathers, if we had any reason to suppose that the quotations were made at first hand

148 *Mercy a Deity* Pausanias, *Attic* I xvii 1

153 *Mora Sponsi, the stay of the bridegroom* Maldonatus, *Comm in Matth* xxv Hieronymus et Hilarius moram sponsi poenitentiae tempus esse dicunt

157 *Montes Scripturarum* See August *Enarr in Ps* xxxix, and passim



167 *A dereliction* The word is from Ps xxii  
 1 Quare me dereliquisti? "Whv hast Thou forsaken  
 me?" Herrick took it from Gregory's *Notes and  
 Observations* (see infra), p 5 'Our Saviour in  
 that great case of dereliction'

174 *Martha, Martha* See Luke x 41, and  
 August *Serm cu* 3 Repetitio nominis indicium est  
 dilectionis

177 *Paradise* Gregory, p 75, on "the reverend  
 Say of Zoroaster, Seek Paradise," quotes from the  
 Scholiast Psellus "The Chaldean Paradise (saith  
 he) is a Quire of divine powers incircling the Father"

178 *The Jews when they built houses* Herrick's  
 rabbinical lore (cp 180, 181, 193, 207, 224), like his  
 patristic, was probably derived at second hand  
 through some biblical commentary Much of it  
 certainly comes from the *Notes and Observations upon  
 some Passages of Scripture* (Oxford, 1646) of John  
 Gregory, chaplain of Christ Church, a prodigy of orien-  
 tal learning, who died in his 39th year, March 17, 1646  
 Thus in his Address to the Reader (3rd page from  
 end) Gregory remarks "The Jews, when they build  
 a house, are bound to leave some part of it un-  
 finished in memory of the destruction of Jerusalem,"  
 giving a reference to Leo of Modena, *Degli Riti  
 Hebraici*, Part I

180 *Observation The Virgin Mother*, etc  
 Gregory, pp 24 27, shows that Sitting, the usual  
 posture of mourners, was forbidden by both Roman  
 and Jewish Law "in capital causes" "This was the  
 reason why she stood up still in a resolute and  
 almost impossible compliance with the Law ,

They sat after leave obtained to bury the body "

181 *Tapers* Cp Gregory's *Notes*, p 111 "The funeral tapers (however thought of by some) are of the same harmless import Their meaning is to show that the departed souls are not quite put out, but having walked here as the children of the Light are now gone to walk before God in the light of the living "

185 *God in the holy tongue* J G , p 135  
 "God is called in the Holy Tongue the Place,  
 or that Fulness which filleth All in All "

186, 187, 188, 189, 197 *God's Presence, Dwelling,*  
 etc J G , pp 135 9 "Snecinah, or God's Dwelling  
 Presence" "God is said to be rearer to this man  
 than to that, more in one place than in another  
 Thus he is said to depart from some and come to  
 others, to leave this place and to abide in that, not  
 by essential application of Himself, much less by  
 local otion, but by impression of effect " "With  
 just men (saith St Bernard) God is present, *in*  
*veritate*, in deed, but with the wicked, dissemblingly "  
 "He is called in the Holy Tongue, Jehovah, He  
 that is, or Essence " "He is said to dwell there  
 (saith Maimon) where He putteth the marks  
 of His Majesty , and He doth this by His Grace and  
 Holy Spirit '

190 *The Virgin Mary* J G , p 86 "St  
 Ephrem upon those words of Jacob, This is the  
 House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven  
 This saying (saith he) is to be meant of the Virgin  
 Mary truly to be called the House of God,

wherein the Son of God                    inhabited, and as truly the Gate of Heaven, for the Lord of heaven and earth entered thereat, and it shall not be set open the second time, according to that of Ezekiel (xliv 2) I saw (saith he) a gate in the East, the glorious Lord entered thereat, thenceforth that gate was shut, and is not any more to be opened (*Catena Arab* c 58) "

192 *Upon Woman and Mary* The reference is to Christ's appearance to St Mary Magdalen in the Garden after the Resurrection, John xxi 15, 16

195 *Noah the first was*, etc Cp Gregory, *Notes*, p 28

193 *North and South* Comp *Hesper* 429 *Observation* J G, pp 92, 93 "Vnoscevei (say the Doctors in Berachioth) shall see his bed N and S, shall beget male children Therefore the Jews hold this rite of collocation                    to this day                    They are bound to place their                    house of office in the very same situation                    that the uncomely necessities                    might not fall into the Wall and Ways of God, whose Shecinah or dwelling presence lieth W and E "

201 *Temporal goods* August, quoted by Burton, II iii 3 Dantur quidem bonis, saith Austin, ne quis mala aestimet, malis autem ne quis rimis bona

203 *Speak, did the blood of Abel cry*, etc Cp Gregory's *Notes*, pp 118 "But did the blood of Abel speak? saith Theophylact Yes, it cried unto God for vengeance, as that of sprinkling for propitiation and mercy "

204 *A thing of such a reverend reckoning* Cp

Gregory, 118 9 "The blood of Abel was so holy and reverend a thing, in the sense and reputation of the old world, that the men of that time used to swear by it"

205 *A Position in the Hebrew Divinity* From Gregory's *Notes*, pp 134, 5 "That old position in the Hebrew Divinity that a repenting man is of more esteem in the sight of God than one that never fell away"

206 *The Doctors in the Talmud* From Gregory's *Notes*, 1 c "The Doctors in the Talmud say, that one day spent here in true Repentance is more worth than eternity itself, or all the days of heaven in the other world"

207 *God's Presence* Again from Gregory's *Notes*, pp 136 sq

208 *The Resurrection* Gregory's *Notes*, pp 128 29, translating from a Greek MS of Mathæus Blastares in the Bodleian "The wonder of this is far above that of the resurrection of our bodies, for then the earth giveth up her dead but one for one, but in the case of the corn she giveth up many living ones for one dead one"

243 *Confession twofold is* August in Ps 119 Enarr 11 19 Confessio gemina est, aut peccati, aut laudis

254 *Gold and frankincense* St Matt 11 11 St Ambrose Aurum Regi, thus Deo

256 *The Chewing the Cud* Cp Lev 11 6

258 *As my little pot doth boil*, etc This far fetched little poem is an instance of Herrick's habit of jotting down his thoughts in verse In cooking

some food for a charitable purpose he seems to have noticed that the boiling pot tossed the meat to and fro, or "waved" it (the priest's work), and that he himself was giving away the meat he lifted off the fire, the "heave offering," which was the priest's perquisite. This is the confusion or "level coil" to which he alludes.

## NOTES TO ADDITIONAL POEMS

*The Description of a Woman* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1645, and contained also in Ashmole MS 38 where it is signed "Finis Robert Herrick." Our version is taken from *Witts Recreations*, with the exception of the readings *show* and *grow* (for *show* and *grown*, in ll 15 and 16). The Ashmole MS contains in all thirty additional lines, which may or may not be by Herrick, but which, as not improving the poem, have been omitted in our text in accordance with the precedent set by the editor of *Witts Recreations*.

*Mr Herrick his Daughter's Down* From Ashmole MS 38, where it is signed "Finis Robt Herricke."

*Mr. Robert Herrick his Farewell unto Poetry* Printed by Dr Grosart and Mr Hazlitt from Ashmole MS 38. I add a few readings from Brit Mus Add MS 22, 603, where it is entitled *Herrick's Farewell to Poetry*. The importance of the poem for Herrick's biography is alluded to in the brief "Life" prefixed to vol 1.

For *some sleepy keys* the Museum MS reads, *the sleeping keys*, for *yet forc't they are to go* it has *and yet are forc't to go*, *drinking to the odd Number of*

*Nine for Number of Wine*, as to which see below, *turned her home for twirled her home, dear soul for rare soul* All these are possible, but *belovéd Africa*, and the omission of the two half lines, "'tis not need The scarecrow unto mankind," are pure blunders

*Drinking to the odd Number of Nine* I introduce this into the text from the Museum manuscript as agreeing with the

"Well, I can quaff, I see,  
To th' number five  
Or nine "

of *A Bacchanalian Verse* (*Hesperides* 653), on which see Note Dr Grosart explains the Ashmole reading *Wine* by the Note "*oĩnos* and *vinum* both give five, the number of perfection", but this seems too far-fetched for Heirick

*Kiss, so depart* By a strange freak Ashmole MS writes *Guesse* and the Museum MS *Ghesse*, but the emendation *Kiss* (adopted both by Dr Grosart and Mr Hazlitt) cannot be doubted

*Well doing's the fru t of doing well* Seneca, *de Clem* 1 1 Rectè factorum verus fructus [est] fecisse Also *Ep* 81 Recte facti fecisse merces est The latter, and Cicero, *de Finib* II xiii 72, are quoted by Montaigne, *Ess* II xvi

*A Carol presented to Dr Williams* From Ashmole MS 36, 298 For Dr Williams, see Note to *Hesperides* 146 This poem was apparently written in 1640, after the removal of the bishop's suspension

*His Mistress to him at his Farewell* From Add

MS II, 811, at the British Museum, where it is signed "Ro Herrick"

*Upon Parting* From Harleian MS 6917, at the British Museum

*Upon Master Fletcher's Incomparable Plays* Printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647, and Beaumont's Poems 1653

\**The Golden Pomegranate* Ovid, "Aurea Pompa venit" (as in *Hesperides* 201)

*To be with juice of cedar washed all over* Horace's "linenda cedro," as in *Hesperides*

*Evaane* See Note to *Hesperides* 575

*The New Charon* First printed in "Lachrymae Musarum The tears of the Muses expressed in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopeful Henry, Lord Hastings Collected and set forth by R[ichard] B[rome] London 1649" This is the only poem which we know of Herrick's, written after 1648, and even in this Herrick uses materials already employed in "Charon and the Nightingale" in *Hesperides*

*Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles* First printed by Dr Giosart from the monument in Dean Prior Church Sir Edward Giles was the occupant of Dean Court and the magnate of the parish



## APPENDIX I.

### HERRICK'S POEMS IN WITTS RECREATIONS

BOTH Mr Hazlitt and Dr Grosart have slightly misrepresented the relation of *Hesperides* to the anthology known as *Witts Recreations*. Mr Hazlitt by mistakes as to their respective contents, Dr Grosart (after a much more careful collation) by taking down the date of the wrong edition. To put matters straight four editions have to be examined —

- I “Witts Recreations    Selected from the  
finest Fancies of Moderne Muses    With a  
Thousand out Landish Proverbs    London  
*Printed for Humph Blunden at ye Castle  
in Cornhill, 1640    8vo*”

This general title page is engraved by W Marshall. The Outlandish Proverbs were selected by George Herbert, and, like the first part, have a printed title-page of their own.

- II “Witts Recreations    Augmented with Ingenious Conceits for the wittie and Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie    London  
*Printed for Humph Blunden    at ye Castle  
in Cornhill, 1641    8vo*”

In this, and subsequent editions, Marshall's title-page is re engraved and the Outlandish Proverbs are omitted. The printed title page reads "Wit's Recreations. Containing 630 Epigrams, 160 Epitaphs Variety of Fancies and Fantasticks, Good for Melancholly humours. *London Printed by Thomas Cotes,*" etc. The epigrams vary considerably from the selection in the previous edition.

III "Witts Recreations refined Augmented,  
with Ingenious Conceites for the wittie, and  
Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie "

In the Museum copy of this edition the imprint to the engraved title has been cropped away. The printed title page reads "Recreation for Ingenious Head-peecees Or, A Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walke in Of Epigrams, 630 Epitaphs, 180 Fancies, a number Fantasticks, abundance, Good for melancholy Humors. *Printed by R Cotes for H B London, 1645 8vo* " Two poems of Herrick's occur the additional "Fancies and Fantasticks," first printed in this edition, viz *The Description of a Woman* (not contained in *Hesperides*), and the *Farewell to Sack*.

IV "Witts Recreations refined Augmented,  
with Ingenious Conceites for the wittie  
and Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie  
*Printed by M S sould by I Hancock in  
Popes head Alley, 1650 8vo* "

The printed title page reads "Recreations for Ingenious Head-peecees Or, A Pleasant Grove for their Wits to Walke in Of Epigrams, 700 Epitaphs, 200 Fancies, a number Fantasticks,

abundance With their Addition, Multiplication, and Division *London, Printed by M Simmons,*" etc In this edition many of the Epigrams are omitted and more than one hundred fresh ones added Additions are also made to the Epitaphs and Fancies and Fantasticks Of the new Epigrams and Poems no less than seventy two had been printed two years earlier in Herrick's *Hesperides*, and ten others were added in 1654 from the same source

*Witts Recreations* was again reprinted in 1663, 1667, and perhaps oftener In 1817 it was issued as vol II of a collection of *Facetiæ*, of which Mennis and Smith's *Musarum Deliciæ* and *Wit Restor'd* formed vol I On the title page *Witts Recreations* is said to be printed from edition 1640, with all the wood engravings and improvements of subsequent editions and in the preface it is explained to be "reprinted after a collation of the four editions, 1640, 41, 54, and 63, for the purpose of bringing together in one body all the various articles<sup>1</sup> spread throughout, and not to be found in any one edition" This 1817 reprint was re issued by Hotten in 1874, and this re issue, as his references to pagination show, was the one used by Dr Grosart The date 1640 on the title page may have caught his eye and led to his mistaken allusion to the "prior publication" of the Herrick poems in 1640, whereas *Hesperides* was published in 1633, and the editions of *Witts Recreations* which contain anything of his besides the *Description of a Woman* and *A Farewell to Sack*, in 1650, 1654, etc

In the Notes to the present edition I have drawn

attention to all variations in the text of the poems as printed by Herrick and the later editors and now subjoin a complete list of the poems under the titles which they take in *Witts Recreations*, with their numbers in this edition

## 1645 Edition

- 128 A Farewell to Sack  
[Not in *Hisp*] The Description of a Woman

## 1650 Edition Adds —

- 123 A Lear sent to his Mis  
159 The Cruel Maid  
162 His Misery  
172 With a Ring to Julia  
200 On Gubbs  
206 On Bunce  
239 On Guesse  
241 On a Painted Madam  
310 On a Child  
311 On Sneape  
328 A Foolish Querie  
340 A Check to her Delay  
352 Nothing New  
357 Long and Lazy  
367 To a Stale Lady  
374 Gam and Gettings.  
379 On Doll  
380 On Skrew  
381 On Linnit  
400 On Raspe  
407 On Himself

- 408 Love and Liberty
- 409 On Skinns
- 428 On Crow
- 434 On Jack and Jill
- 517 Change
- 534 To Julia
- 572 On Umber
- 600 Little and Loud
- 616 Abroad with the Maids
- 637 On Lungs
- 640 On a Child
- 644 On an Old Man, a Residentiary.
- 648 On Cob
- 649 On Betty
- 650 On Skoles
- 661 Ambition
- 666 On Zelot
- 669 On Crab
- 675 On Women's Denial
- 676 Adversity
- 693 On Tuck
- 697 Adversity
- 703 On Trigg
- 711 Possessions
- 735 Maids' Nays
- 743 On Julia's Weeping
- 752 No Pains No Gains
- 761 Alvar and Anthea
- 772 A Hymn to Bacchus
- 776 Anger
- 791 Verses
- 795 On Bice

- 796 On Trencherman
- 797 Kisses
- 832 On Punc'un
- 838 On a Maid
- 840 Beauty
- 846 Writing
- 849 Satisfaction.
- 873 On Love
- 881 ll 13, 14, Sharp Sauce.
- 886 On Lulls
- 902 Truth
- 910 Or Ben Jonson
- 946 An Hymn to Love.
- 950 Leaven
- 1025 On Borem .
- 1084 On Love
- 1085 On Gut
- 1106 On Rump
- 1119 Sauce for Sorrows
- 1126 Of this Book

## 1654 Edition Adds

- 49 Cherry Pit
  - 85 On Love
  - 92 The Bag of a Bee
  - 208 To make much of Time.
  - 235 On an Old Batchelor
  - 238 Another (On the Rose )
  - 253 Counsel not to Love
  - 260 How the Violets came blue
  - 337 A Vow to Cupid
  - 446 The Farewell to Love and to his   istre .
- VOL II, 21

## APPENDIX II.

### HERRICK'S FAIRY POEMS AND THE DESCRIPTION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF FAYRIES PUBLISHED 1635

THE publisher's freak, by which Herrick's three chief Fairy poems ("The Fairy Temple, or, Oberon's Chapel," "Oberon's Feast," and "Oberon's Palace") are separated from each other, is greatly to be regretted. The last two, both dedicated to Shapcott, are distinctly connected by their opening lines, and "Oberon's Chapel," dedicated to Mr John Herrick, Herrick's other fairy loving lawyer, of course belongs to the same group. All three were probably first written in 1626 and cannot be dissociated from Drayton's *Nymphidia*, published in 1627, and Sir Simeon Steward's "A Description of the King of Fayries clothes, brought to him on New yeares day in the morning, 1626 [O S], by his Queenes Chambermaids." In 1635 there was published a little book of a dozen leaves, most kindly transcribed for this edition by Mr E Gordon Duff, from the unique copy at the Bodleian Library. It is entitled —

“A | Description | of the King and Queene of |  
 Fayries, their habit, fare, their | abode  
 pompe and state | Beeing very delightfull  
 to the sense, and | full of mirth | [Wood-  
 cut] London | *Printed for Richard Har-*  
*per, and are to be sold | at his shop, at the*  
*Hospitall gate 1635*”

ol 1 is blank, fol 2 occupied by the title page, ff  
 3, 4 (verso blank) by a letter “To the Reader,”  
 signed “Yours hereafter, If now approved on,  
 R S,” beginning “Courteous Reader, I present  
 thee here with the Description of the King of the  
 Fayries, of his Attendants, Apparel, Gesture, and  
 Victuals, which though comprehended in the brevity  
 of so short a volume, yet as the Proverbe truly  
 averres, it hath as mellifluous and pleasing discourse,  
 as that whose amplitude contains the fulnesse of a  
 bigger composition”, on fol 5 (verso blank) occurs  
 the following poem [spelling here modernised] —

“Deep skilled Geographers, whose art and skill  
 Do traverse all the world, and with their quill  
 Declare the strangeness of each several clime,  
 The nature, situation, and the time  
 Of being inhabited, yet all their art  
 And deep informed skill could not impart  
 In what set climate of this Orb or Isle,  
 The King of Fairies kept, whose honoured style  
 Is here inclosed, with the sincere description  
 Of his abode, his nature, and the region  
 In which he rules read, and thou shalt find  
 Delightful mirth, fit to content thy mind  
 May the contents thereof thy palate suit,



With its mellifluous and pleasing fruit  
 For nought can more be sweetened to my mind  
 Than that this Pamphlet thy contentment find,  
 Which if it shall, my labour is sufficed,  
 In being by your liking highly prized

“Yours to his power,  
 ‘R S’

This is followed (pp 1-3) by “A Description of the Kings [sic] of Fa-ries Clothes, brought to him on New-Yeaes day in the morning, 1626, by his Queenes Chambermaids —

“First a cobweb shirt, more thin  
 Than ever spider since could spin  
 Changed to the whiteness of the snow,  
 By the stormy winds that blow  
 In the vast and frozen air,  
 No shirt half so fine, so fair,  
 A rich waistcoat they did bring,  
 Made of the Trout-fly’s gilded wing  
 At which his Elveship ’gan to fret  
 The wearing it would make him sweat  
 Even with its weight he needs would we  
 A waistcoat made of downy hair  
 New shaven off an Eunuch’s chin,  
 That pleased him well, ’twas wondrous thin.  
 The outside of his doublet was  
 Made of the four-leaved, true-loved grass,  
 Changed into so fine a gloss,  
 With the oil of crispy moss  
 It made a rainbow in the night  
 Which gave a lustre passing light.

On every seam there was a lace  
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow pace,  
To which the finest, purest, silver thread  
Compared, did look like dull pale lead  
His breeches of the Fleece was wrought,  
Which from Colchos Jason brought  
Spun into so fine a yarn  
No mortal wght might it discern,  
Weaved by Arachne on her loom,  
Just before she had her doom  
A rich Mantle he did wear,  
Made of tinsel gossamer  
Beflowered over with a few  
Diamond stars of morning dew  
Dyed crimson in a maiden's blush,  
Lined with humble-bees' lost plush.  
His cap was all of ladies' love,  
So wondrous light that it did move  
If any humming gnat or fly  
Buzz'd the air in passing by,  
About his neck a wreath of pearl,  
Dropped from the eyes of some poor girl,  
Pinched, because she had forgot  
To leave clean water in the pot "

The next page is occupied by a woodcut, and then (pp 5, misnumbered 4, and 6) comes the variation on Herrick's "Oberon's Feast" —

" A DESCRIPTION OF HIS DIET

" Now they, the Elves, within a trice,  
Prepared a feast less great than nice,  
Where ,ou may imagine first,

The lves prepare to quench his thirst,  
 In pure seed pearl of infant dew  
 Brought and sweetened with a blue  
 And pregnant violet, which done,  
 His killing eyes begin to run  
 Quite o'er the table, where he spies  
 The horns of watered butterflies,  
 Of which he eats, but with a little  
 Neat coo' alay of cuckoo's spittle  
 Next this the red cap worm that's shut  
 Within the concave of a nut  
 Moles' eyes he tastes, then adders' ears,  
 To these for sauce the slain stags' tears,  
 A bloated earwig, and the pith  
 Of sugared rush he glads him with  
 Then he takes a little moth,  
 Late fatted in a scarlet cloth,  
 A spinner's ham, the beards of ice,  
 Nits carbonadoed, a device  
 Before unknown, the blood of fleas,  
 Which gave his Elveship's stomach ease,  
 The unctuous dew laps of a snail,  
 The broke heart of a nightingale  
 O'ercome in music, with the sag  
 And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag  
 Conserves of atoms, and the mites,  
 The silk-worm's sperm, and the delights  
 Of all that ever yet hath blest  
 Fairy land so ends his feast "

n the next page is printed "Orpheus Thrice  
 exelling, for the finishment of this Feast, thou must  
 use it so that the Deities may descend to grace it "

This is succeeded by a page bearing a woodcut, then we have "The Fairies Fegaries," a poem occupying three more pages followed by another woodcut, and then "The Melancholly Lover's Song," and a third woodcut. The occurrence of the *Melancholy Lover's Song* (the well known lines beginning "Hence all you vain delights") in print in 1635 is interesting, as I believe that *The Nice Valour*, the play in which they occur, was not printed till 1647, and Milton's *Il Penseroso*, which they suggested, appeared in 1645. But the verses are rather out of place in the little Fairy-Book.

## APPENDIX III

### POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK

HERRICK's name has been so persistently connected with *Poor Robert's Almanack* that a few words must be said on the subject. There is, we are told, a Devonshire tradition ascribing the *Almanack* to him, and this is accepted by Nichols in his *Leicestershire*, and accredited" by Dr Grosart. The tradition apparently rests on no better basis than Herrick's Christian name, and of the poems in the issues of the *Almanack* which I have seen, it may be said, that, while the worst of them, save for some lack of neatness of turn, might conceivably have been by Herrick—on the principle that if Herrick could write some of his epigrams, he could write anything—the more ambitious poems it is quite impossible to attribute to the author of the *Hesperides*. But apart from opinion, the negative evidence is overwhelming. Of the three earliest issues in the British Museum, 1664, 1667 and 1669 (all in the annual collections of Almanacs, issued by the Stationers' Company, and all, it may be noted, bound for Charles II), I transcribe the title page of the first "Poor Robin 1664 An Almanack After a

New Fashion wherein the Reader may see (if he be not blinde) many remarkable things worthy of Observation. Containing a two fold Kalendar, viz the Iulian or English, and the Roundheads or Fanaticks with their severall Saints daies and Observations, upon every month. Written by Poor Robin, Knight of the burnt Island and a well willer to the Mathematicks. Calculated for the Meridian of Saffron Walden, where the Pole is elevated 52 degrees and 6 minutes above the Horizon. London. Printed for the Company of Stationers."

In the 1657 issue the paragraph about the Pole runs "Where the Maypole is elevated (with a plumm cake on the top of it) 5 yaras  $\frac{3}{4}$  above the Market Cross" The mention of Saffron Walden had apparently been ridiculed, and the author in this year joins in the laugh, and in 1669 omits the paragraph altogether. But what had Herrick at any time to do with Saffron Walden and why should the poet, whose politics, apart from some personal devotion to Charles I, were distinctly moderate, mix himself up with an ultra Cavalier publication? Also, if Herrick be "Poor Robin" we must attribute to him, at least, the greater part of the twenty one "Poor Robin" publications, of which Mr. Ecroyd Smith gave a list in *Notes and Queries*, 6th series, vii 321-3, *e.g.*, "Poor Robin's Perambulation from the Town of Saffron Walden to London" (1678), "The Merrie Exploits of Poor Robin, the Merrie Saddler of Walden," etc. These have been generally assigned to William Winstanley, the barber-poet, on the ground of a supposed similarity of style.

and from "Poor Robin" having been written under a portrait of him Mr Ecroyd Smith, however, attributes them to Robert Winstanley (born, 1646, at Saffron Walden), younger brother of Henry Winstanley the projector of the Eddystone Lighthouse. He assigns the credit of the "identification" to Mr Joseph Clark, F S A, of the Roos, Saffron Walden, but does not state the grounds which led Mr Clark to his conclusion, in itself probable enough. In any case there is no valid ground for connecting Herrick either with the *Almanack* or with any of the other 'Poor Robin' publications.

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